

17065/p

A

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

OF

CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY;

CONTAINING

PORTRAITS,

LANDSCAPES, COSTUMES, &c.

AND

REPRESENTATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

OF THE

North American Indians.

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COLLECTED AND PAINTED ENTIRELY BY MR. CATLIN,

DURING SEVEN YEARS' TRAVEL AMONGST 48 TRIBES, MOSTLY SPEAKING DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

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EXHIBITED FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS, WITH GREAT SUCCESS, IN THE
EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Admittance One Shilling.

PRINTED BY C. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.



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TO THE READER.

I wish to inform the visitors to my Gallery that, having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians; and seeing also the vast importance and value which a full *pictorial history* of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages—I sat out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved, (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a *Gallery unique and imperishable*, for the use and benefit of future ages.

I have already devoted more than seven years of my life exclusively to the accomplishment of my design, and that with more than expected success.

I have visited with great difficulty, and some hazard to life, forty-eight tribes, (residing within the United States, and British and Mexican Territories;) containing about 300,000 souls. I have seen them in their own villages, have carried my canvass and colours the whole way, and painted my portraits, &c. from the life, as they now stand and are seen in the Gallery.

The collection contains (besides an immense number of costumes and other manufactures) 310 *Portraits* of distinguished men and women of the different tribes, and 200 *other Paintings*, descriptive of *Indian Countries*, their *Villages*, *Games* and *Customs*; containing in all above 3000 figures.

As this immense collection has been gathered, and *every painting has been made from nature*, BY MY OWN HAND—and that too, when I have been paddling my canoe, or leading my pack-horse over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of my life;—the world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to receive and estimate them, as they have been intended, as *true and fac-simile traces of individual and historical facts*; and forgive me for their present unfinished and unstudied condition, as works of art.

GEO. CATLIN.

CERTIFICATES—INDIAN PORTRAITS.

“I hereby certify, that the persons whose signatures are affixed to the certificates used below, by Mr. Catlin, are officers in the service of the United States, as herein set forth; and that their opinions of the accuracy of the likenesses, and correctness of the views, &c., exhibited by him in his ‘Indian Gallery,’ are entitled to full credit.

“J. R. POINSETT, *Secretary of War, Washington.*”

“With regard to the gentlemen whose names are affixed to certificates below, I am fully warranted in saying, that no individuals have had better opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the persons, habits, costumes, and sports of the Indian tribes, or possess stronger claims upon the public confidence in the statements they make, respecting the correctness of delineations, &c. of Mr. Catlin’s ‘Indian Gallery;’ and I may add my own testimony, with regard to many of those Indians whom I have seen, and whose likenesses are in the collection, and sketched with fidelity and correctness.

“C. A. HARRIS, *Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington.*”

“I have seen Mr. Catlin’s collection of Portraits of Indians, east of the Rocky Mountains, many of which were familiar to me, and painted in my presence: and as far as they have included Indians of my acquaintance, the *likenesses* are easily recognized, bearing the most striking resemblance to the originals, as well as faithful representations of their costumes.

“W. CLARK, *Superintendent of Indian Affairs, St. Louis.*”

“I have examined Mr. Catlin’s collection of the Upper Missouri Indians to the Rocky Mountains, all of which I am acquainted with, and indeed most of them were painted when I was present, and I do not hesitate to pronounce them correct likenesses, and readily to be recognized. And I consider the *costumes*, as painted by him, to be the *only correct representations* I have ever seen.

JOHN F. A. SANFORD,

“U. SS. *Indian Agent for Mandans, Rickarees, Minatarees, Crows, Knisteneaux, Assinneboins, Blackfeet, &c.*”

"Having examined Mr. Catlin's collection of Portraits of Indians of the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, I have no hesitation in pronouncing them, so far as I am acquainted with the individuals, to be the best I have ever seen, both as regards the expression of countenance and the exact and complete manner in which the costume has been painted by him.

"J. L. BEAN, *S. Agent for Indian Affairs.*"

"I have been for many years past in familiar acquaintance with the Indian tribes of the Upper Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and also with the landscape and other scenes represented in Mr. Catlin's collection, and it gives me great pleasure to assure the world that on looking them over, I found the likenesses of my old friends easily to be recognized; and his sketches of Manners and Customs to be portrayed with singular truth and correctness.

"J. PILCHER, *Agent for Upper Missouri Indians.*"

"It gives me great pleasure in being enabled to add my name to the list of those who have spontaneously expressed their approbation of Mr. Catlin's collection of Indian Paintings. His collection of materials place it in his power to throw much light on the Indian character, and his portraits, so far as I have seen them, are drawn with great fidelity as to character and likeness.

"H. SCHOOLCRAFT, *Indian Agent for Wisconsin Territory.*"

"Having lived and dealt with the Black Feet Indians for five years past, I was enabled to recognize *every one* of the Portraits of those people, and of the Crows, also, which Mr. Catlin has in his collection, from the faithful likenesses they bore to the originals.

"St. Louis, 1835.

J. E. BRAZEAU."

"Having spent sixteen years in the continual acquaintance with the Indians of the several tribes of the Missouri, represented in Mr. Catlin's Gallery of Indian Paintings, I was enabled to judge of the correctness of the likenesses, and I *instantly recognized every one of them*, when I looked them over, from the striking resemblance they bore to the originals—so also, of the Landscapes on the Missouri.

"HONORE PICOTTE."

"The Portraits, in the possession of Mr. Catlin, of Pawnee Picts, Kioways, Camanches, Wecos, and Osages, were painted by him *from life*, when on a tour to their country, with the United States Dragoons. The *likenesses* are good, very easily to be recognized and the *costumes* faithfully represented.

"HENRY DODGE, Col. of Drag.		D. PERKINS, Capt. of Drag.
R. H. MASON, Major of ditto.		M. DUNCAN, ditto.
D. HUNTER, Capt. ditto.		T. B. WHEELLOCK, Lieut. Drag."

"We have seen Mr. Catlin's Portraits of Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, many of which are familiar to us; the likenesses are easily recognized, bearing a strong resemblance to the originals, as well as a faithful representation of their costumes.

"November 27th, 1837.

"J. DOUGHERTY, *Indian Agent.*
J. GANTT."

"We hereby certify, that the portraits of the Grand Pawnees, Republican Pawnees, Pawnee Loups, Tappage Pawnees, Otoes, Omahaws, and Missouries, which are in Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery, were painted from life by Mr. Geo. Catlin, and that the individuals sat to him in the costumes precisely in which they are painted.

New York, 1837.

"J. DOUGHERTY, *I. A. for Pawnees, Omahaws, and Otoes.*
J. GANTT."

"I have seen Mr. Catlin's collection of Indian Portraits, many of which were familiar to me, and painted in my presence at their own villages. I have spent the greater part of my life amongst the tribes and individuals he has represented, and I do not hesitate to pronounce them correct likenesses, and easily recognized; also his sketches of their *manners* and *customs*, I think, are excellent; and the *landscape views* on the Missouri and Mississippi, are correct representations.

"K. M'KENZIE, *of the Am. Fur Co. Mouth of Yellow Stone.*"

"We hereby certify that the Portraits of Seminoles and Eucheas, named in this catalogue, were painted by Geo. Catlin, from the life, at Fort Moultrie; that the Indians sat or stood in the costumes precisely in which they are painted, and that the likenesses are remarkably good.

"P MORRISON, Capt. 4th Inf.

J. S. HATHAWAY, 2d Lieut. 1st Art.

H. WHARTON, 2d Lieut. 6th Inf.

F. WEEDON, Assistant Surgeon.

"Fort Moultrie, Jan. 26, 1838."

In addition to the above certificates, nearly every Portrait has inseparably attached to its back, an *individual* certificate, signed by Indian Agents, Officers of the Army, or other persons who were present when the picture was painted. The form of these certificates is as follows :

No. 131, BLACKFOOT, PE-TOH-PE-KISS, (THE EAGLE RIBS.)

"I hereby certify that this Portrait was painted from the life, at Fort Union, mouth of Yellow Stone—in the year 1832, by Geo. Catlin, and that the Indian sat in the costume in which it is painted.

"JOHN F. A. SANFORD, *United States Indian Agent.*"

CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY.

INDIAN PORTRAITS.

SACS (SA'U-KIES).

A TRIBE OF INDIANS residing on the Upper Mississippi and Desmoines rivers. Present number about 5,000. The smallpox carried off half the population a few years since; and a considerable number were destroyed in the "Black Hawk War" in 1832-3. This tribe shave the head, leaving only a small tuft on the top, which is called the "scalp-lock."

[The *acute accent* is used in the spelling of the Indian names merely to denote the emphasis.]

1. *Kee-o-kúk*, the Running Fox; present Chief of the Tribe. Shield on his arm and staff of office (sceptre) in his hand; necklace of grizzly bear's claws, over the skin of a white wolf, on his neck.

This man, during the Black Hawk War, kept two thirds of the warriors of the tribe neutral, and was therefore appointed Chief by General Scott, in treaty, with the consent of the nation.

2. *Múk-a-tah-mish-o-káh-kaik*, the Black Hawk; in his war dress and paint. Strings of wampum in his ears and on his neck, and his *medicine bag* (the skin of the black hawk) on his arm.

This is the man famed as the conductor of the Black Hawk War. Painted at the close of the war, while he was a prisoner at Jefferson Barracks, in 1832.

3. *Náh-se-ús-kuk*, the Whirling Thunder; eldest son of Black Hawk.

A very handsome man. He greatly distinguished himself in the Black Hawk War.

4. *Wa-sáu-me-saw*, the Roaring Thunder; youngest son of Black Hawk.

Painted while prisoner of war.

5. (), wife of *Kee-o-kúk* (No. 1); in a dress of civilized manufacture, but ornamented with silver broaches.

This woman is the eldest of seven wives whom I saw in his lodge; and, being the mother of his favorite son, the most valued one. To her alone would he allow the distinguished honour of being painted and hung up with the chiefs.

6. *Me-sóu-wahk*, the Deer's Hair; the favorite son of *Kee-o-kúk*, and by him designated to be his successor.

7. *Wah-pe-kée-suck*, White Cloud, called the "Prophet;" one of Black Hawk's principal warriors and advisers.
Was a prisoner of war with Black Hawk, and travelled with him through the Eastern States and Cities, in chains.
8. *Náh-pope*, the Soup; another of Black Hawk's principal advisers; and travelled with him, when he was a prisoner of war, to the Eastern Cities.
He desired to be painted with a white flag in his hand.
9. *Ah-móu-a*, the Whale, one of Ke-o-kúk's principal braves; holding a handsome war-club in his hand.
10. *Wa-quóth-e-quá*, the Buck's Wife, or Female Deer; the wife of Ah-móu-a.
11. *Pash-ee-pa-hó*, the Little Stabbing Chief; holding his staff of office in his hand, shield and pipe.
A very venerable old man, who has been for many years the first civil chief of the Sacs and Foxes.
12. *I-o-wáy*, the Ioway; one of Black Hawk's principal warriors; his body curiously ornamented with his "war paint."
13. *Pam-a-hó*, the Swimmer; one of Black Hawk's warriors.
14. *No-kúk-quá*, the Bear's Fat.
15. *Pash-ee-pa-hó*, the Little Stabbing Chief, (the younger); one of Black Hawk's braves.
16. *Wáh-pa-ko-lás-kuk*, the Bear's Track.

FOXES.

On the Des Moines River; present number 1,500.

17. *Aih-no-wa*, the Fire; a doctor or "*medicine*" man; one half of his body painted red and the other yellow.
18. *Wée-sheet*, the Sturgeon's Head; one of Black Hawk's principal warriors; his body most singularly ornamented with his *war paint*.
This man held a spear in his hand, with which, he assured me, he killed four white men during the war.
- 19, 20, 21. Three in a group; names not known.

KONZAS.

A tribe of 1,560 souls, residing on the Konza river, sixty or eighty miles west of the Missouri. Uncivilized remains of a powerful and warlike tribe. One half died with the smallpox a few years since. This tribe shave the head like the Osages, Sacs, and Foxes.

22. *Shó-me-kós-see*, the Wolf; one of the Chiefs; his head curiously ornamented, and numerous strings of wampum on his neck.

23. *Jee-hé-o-hó-shah*, He who cannot be Thrown Down.
24. *Wá-hón-ga-shee*, No Fool; a very great fop.
Used half the day in painting his face, preparing to sit for his picture.
25. *Meach-o-shín-gaw*, Little White Bear; a spirited and distinguished brave, with a scalping-knife grasped in his hand.
26. *O-rón-gás-see*, the Bear Catcher.
27. *Chésh-oo-hong-ha*, the Man of Good Sense; a handsome young warrior; style of his head-dress like the Grecian helmet.
28. *Hón-je-a-pút-o*, a woman; wife of O-rón-gás-see.

O-SA'GE, OR WA-SA'W-SEE.

A tribe in their primitive state, inhabiting the head waters of the Arkansas and Neosho or Grand Rivers, 700 miles west of the Mississippi. Present numbers of the tribe 5,200, residing in three villages; wigwams built of barks and flags, or reeds. The Osages are the tallest men on the continent; the most of them being over six feet in stature, and many of them seven. This tribe shave the head, leaving a small tuft on the top called the "scalp-lock."

29. *Cler-mónt*, ———; first Chief of the Tribe; with his war-club in his hand, and his leggins fringed with scalp-locks taken from his enemies' heads.

This man is the son of an old and celebrated chief of that name, who died a few years since.

30. *Wáh-chee-te*, ———; woman and child; wife of Cler-mónt.
31. *Tchong-tas-sáb-bee*, the Black Dog; second Chief of the Osages; with his pipe in one hand and tomahawk in the other; head shaved, and ornamented with a crest made of the deer's tail, coloured red.

This is the largest man in the Osage nation, and blind in his left eye.

32. *Tál-lee*, ———; an Osage warrior of distinction; with his shield, bow, and quiver.
33. *Wa-ho-béck-ee*, ———; a Brave; said to be the handsomest man in the nation; with a profusion of wampum on his neck, and a fan in his hand, made of the eagle's tail.

34. *Mun-ne-pús-kee*, He who is not afraid.
35. *Ko-ha-túnk-a*, the Big Crow.
36. *Nah-cóm-ee-shee*, Man of the Bed.

Three distinguished young warriors, who desired to be painted on one canvass.

37. *Moi-eén-e-shee*, the Constant Walker.

38. (*Wa-másh-ee-sheek*, He who Takes Away.)
 39. (*Wa-chésh-uk*, War.)
 40. (*Mink-chésk*, ———).

Three distinguished young men, full length.

41. *Tcha-tó-ga*, Mad Buffalo ; bow and quiver on his back.

This man was tried and convicted for the murder of two white men, under Mr. Adams's administration, and was afterwards pardoned, but is held in disgrace in his tribe since.

42. *Wash-ím-pe-shee*, the Madman ; a distinguished Warrior ; full-length.

43. *Pa-hú-sha*, White Hair ; the younger ; with lance and quiver. Chief of a Band, and rival of Cler-mónt.

44. *Shin-ga-wás-sa*, the Handsome Bird ; a splendid-looking fellow, six feet eight inches high ; with war-club and quiver.

45. *Cáh-he-ga-shín-ga*, the Little Chief ; full-length, with bow and quiver.

CA-MA'N-CHEES.

One of the most powerful and hostile tribes in North America, inhabiting the western parts of Texas and the Mexican provinces, and the south-western part of the territory of the United States, near the Rocky Mountains ; entirely wild and predatory in their habits ; the most expert and effective lancers and horsemen on the continent. Numbering some 25 or 30,000, living in skin lodges or wigwams ; well mounted on wild horses, continually at war with the Mexicans, Texians, and Indian tribes of the north-west.

46. *Eé-shah-kó-nee*, the Bow and Quiver ; first Chief of the Tribe. Boar's tusk on his breast, and rich shells in his ears.

47. *Ta-wáh-que-nah*, the Mountain of Rocks ; second Chief of the Tribe, and largest man in the nation.

This man received the United States' Regiment of Dragoons with great kindness at his village, which was beautifully situated at the base of a huge spur of the Rocky Mountains : he has decidedly African features, and a beard of two inches in length on his chin.

48. *Ish-a-ró-yeh*, He who Carries a Wolf ; a distinguished Brave ; so called from the circumstance of his carrying a *medicine bag* made of the skin of a wolf : he holds a whip in his hand.

This man piloted the dragoons to the Camanchee village, and received a handsome rifle from Col. Dodge, for so doing.

49. *Kots-o-kó-ro-kó*, the Hair of the Bull's Neck ; third grade Chief ; shield on his arm and gun in his hand.

50. *Is-sa-wáh-tám-ah*, the Wolf tied with Hair; a Chief, third rate: pipe in his hand.
51. *His-oo-sán-chees*, the Little Spaniard; a Brave of the highest order in his tribe; armed as a warrior, with shield, bow and quiver, lance fourteen feet long, and war-knife.

This was the first of the Camanchees who daringly left his own war party and came to the Regiment of Dragoons, and spoke with our interpreter, inviting us to go to their village. A man of low stature, but of the most remarkable strength and daring courage.—(See him approaching the dragoons on horseback, No. 489.)

52. *Háh-nee*, the Beaver; a Warrior of terrible aspect.
- 53-54. Two Camanchee Girls (sisters), showing the wigwam of the Chief, his dogs, and his five children.

PA'W-NEE PICTS (TO'W-EE-AHGE).

A wild and hostile tribe, numbering about 6,000, adjoining the Camanchees on the north. This tribe and the Camanchees are in league with each other, joining in war and in the chase.

55. *Wee-tá-ra-shá-ro*, ———; head Chief; an old and very venerable man.

This man embraced Col. Dodge, and others of the dragoon officers, in council, in his village, and otherwise treated them with great kindness, theirs being the first visit ever made to them by white people.

56. *Sky-se-ró-ka*, ———; second Chief of the Tribe.

A fine-looking and remarkably shrewd and intelligent man.

57. *Kid-á-day*, ———; a Brave of distinction.

58. (*Káh-kée-tsee*, the Thighs.)

59. (*Shé-de-ah*, Wild Sage.)

Both of these women were prisoners amongst the Osages; they were purchased by the Indian Commissioner, and sent home to the nation by the dragoons.

60. *Ah'-sho-cole*, Rotten Foot; a noted Warrior.

61. *Ah'-re-kah'-na-có-chee*, the Mad Elk.

KI'-O-WA.

Also a wild and predatory tribe of 5 or 6,000, living on the west of the Pawnee Picts, and Camanchees, and also in alliance with those warlike and powerful tribes. They inhabit the base of, and extend their wars and hunts through, a great extent

of the Rocky Mountains; and, like the Camanchees, are expert and wonderful horsemen.

62. *Téh-tóot-sah*, ———, first Chief.

This man treated the dragoons with great kindness in his country, and came in with us to Fort Gibson: his hair was very long, extending down as low as his knees, and put up in clubs, and ornamented with silver broaches.

63. *Kotz-a-tó-ah*, the Smoked Shield; a distinguished Warrior; full-length.

64. *Bón-són-gee*, New Fire; Chief of a Band; boar's tusk and war-whistle on his breast.

65. *Quáy-hám-kay*, the Stone Shell; a Brave, and a good specimen of the wild untutored savage.

66. (*Túnk-aht-óh-ye*, the Thunderer, (boy).)

67. (*Wun-pán-to-mee*, the White Weasel, (girl).)

This boy and girl, who had been for several years prisoners amongst the Osages, were purchased by the Indian Commissioner; the girl was sent home to her nation by the dragoons, and the boy was killed by a ram the day before we started. They were brother and sister.

W E E - C O.

A small tribe, living near to, and under the protection of, the Pawnee Picts, speaking an unknown language; probably the remnant of a tribe conquered and enslaved by the Pawnee Picts.

68. *U'sh-ee-kitz*, He who Fights with a Feather. Chief of the Tribe.

This man came into Fort Gibson with the dragoons; he was famous for a custom he observed after all his speeches, of *embracing* the officers and chiefs in council.

SIOUX (DAH-CO'-TA).

This is one of the most numerous and powerful tribes at present existing on the continent, numbering, undoubtedly, some 40,000, occupying a vast tract of country on the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and extending quite to the base of the Rocky Mountains. They live in skin lodges, and move them about the prairies, without any permanent residence. This tribe lost about 8,000 by smallpox a few years since.

69. *Ha-wón-je-tah*, the One Horn; first Chief of the Tribe; *Mee-ne-cow-e-gee* band, Upper Missouri; hair tied on his head in form of a turban, and filled with glue and red earth, or vermilion.

The Sioux have forty-one bands; every band has a chief, and this man was head of all: he has been recently killed by a buffalo bull.

70. *Wá-nah-de-túnk-ah*, the Big Eagle, or Black Dog ; at the Falls of St. Anthony. Chief of the *O-hah-kas-ka-toh-y-an-te*, or *Long Avenue* Band.

71. *Tchán-dee*, Tobacco ; second Chief of the Nation, of the *O-gla-la* Band, Upper Missouri.

72. *Wán-ee-ton*, ———. Chief of the *Sus-se-ton* Band, Upper Missouri ; full-length, in a splendid dress ; head-dress of war eagle's quills and ermine, and painted robe.

One of the most noted and dignified, as well as graceful chiefs of the Sioux tribe.

73. *Tóh-to-wah-kón-da-pee*, the Blue Medicine ; a noted "medicine man," or doctor, at the St. Peter's, of the *Ting-ta-to-ah* Band ; with his *medicine* or mystery drum and rattle in his hands, his looking-glass on his breast, his rattle of antelope's hoofs, and drum of deer skins.

These "*medicine men*" are conjurers as well as physicians, paying their dernier visits to the sick, with their *mysteries*, endeavouring and pretending to cure by a charm.

74. *Ah-nó-je-nahge*, He who Stands on Both Sides ; and

75. *We-chúsh-ta-dóo-ta*, the Red Man ; the two most distinguished ball-players of the Sioux tribe, in their ball-play dress, with their ball-sticks in their hands.

In this beautiful and favorite game, each player is adorned with an embroidered belt, and a tail of beautiful quills or horse-hair ; the arms, legs, and feet are always naked, and curiously painted. (See two paintings of Ball Plays, and further description of the game, under *Amusements*, Nos. 428, 429, 430, and the ball-sticks among the Manufactures.)

76. *Ka-pés-ka-da*, the Shell ; a Brave of the *O-gla-la* band.

77. *Táh-zee-keh-dá-cha*, the Torn Belly ; a very distinguished Brave of the *Yank-ton* band, Upper Missouri.

78. *Wúk-mi-ser*, Corn ; a Warrior of distinction, of the *Ne-cow-ee-gee* band.

79. *Chá-tee-wah-née-che*, No Heart ; a very noted Indian. Chief of the *Wah-ne-watch-to-nee-nah* band.

80. *Ee-áh-sá-pa*, the Black Rock. Chief of the *Nee-caw-wee-gee* band ; a very dignified chief, in a beautiful dress, full length, head-dress of eagles' quills and ermine, and horns of the buffalo ; lance in his hand, and battles of his life emblazoned on his robe.

81. *Wi-lóoh-tah-eeh-tchá-h-ta-máh-nee*, the Red Thing that Touches in Marching ; a young girl ; and the daughter of *Black Rock* (No. 80), by her side—her dress of deer's skin, and ornamented with brass buttons and beads.

82. *Toh-kí-e-to*, the Stone with Horns. Chief of the Yank-ton band, and principal orator of the nation ; his body curiously tattooed.
83. *Mah-tó-rah-rísh-nee-eéh-ée-rah*, the Grizzly Bear that Runs without Regard ; a Brave of the *Onc-pah-pa* band.
84. *Mah-tó-che-ga*, the Little Bear ; a distinguished Brave.
85. *Shón-ka*, the Dog. Chief of the *Bad Arrow Points* band.
86. *Táh-téck-a-da-háir*, the Steep Wind ; a Brave of the *Ca-za-zhee-ta* (or *Bad Arrow Points*) band.

These three distinguished men were all killed in a private quarrel (while I was in the country), occasioned by my painting only *one half* of the face of the first, (No. 84) ; ridicule followed, and resort to firearms, in which that side of the face which I had left out was blown off in a few moments after I had finished the portrait ; and sudden and violent revenge for the offence soon laid the other two in the dust, and imminently endangered my own life. (For a full account of this strange transaction, see Catlin's " Letters and Notes on North American Indians," shortly to be published).

87. *Heh-háh-ra-pah*, the Elk's Head. Chief of the *Ee-ta-sip-shov* band, Upper Missouri.
88. *Máh-to-een-náh-pa*, the White Bear that Goes Out. Chief of the *Black Foot Sioux* band.
89. *Tchón-su-móns-ka*, the Sand Bar ; woman of the *Te-ton* band, with a beautiful head of hair ; her dress almost literally covered with brass buttons, which are highly valued by the women, to adorn their dresses.
90. *Wá-be-shaw*, the Leaf ; Upper Mississippi, Chief of a band, blind in one eye ; a very distinguished man, since dead.
91. *Shón-ga-tón-ga-chésh-en-day*, the Horse Dung. Chief of a band ; a great conjurer and magician.
92. *Tah-tón-ga-mó-nee*, the Walking Buffalo ; Red Wing's son.
93. *Múz-za*, the Iron ; St. Peters ; a Brave of distinction, and a very handsome fellow.
94. *Te-o-kún-ko*, the Swift.

An ill-visaged and ill-natured fellow, though reputed a desperate warrior.

PÚN-CAH.

A small tribe residing on the west bank of the Missouri River, 900 in number, reduced one half by the smallpox, in 1824-5.

95. *Shoo-de-gá-cha*, the Smoke. Chief of the Tribe.

A very philosophical and dignified man.

96. *Hee-láh-dee*, the Pure Fountain ; wife of *Shoo-de-gá-cha* (No. 95).

97. *Hongs-káy-dee*, the Great Chief; son of the Chief.

This young fellow, about 18 years of age, glowing red with vermilion, signalized himself by marrying *four wives in one day*, whilst I was in his village! He took them all at once to his wigwam, where I saw them, and painted one of them.

98. *Mong-shóng-sha*, the Bending Willow; one of the four wives of Hongs-káy-dee (No. 97), about 13 years old, and wrapped in a buffalo robe, prettily garnished.

PAW-NEES, OF THE PLATTE.

A wild and very warlike tribe of 12,000, occupying the country watered by the river Platte, from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. This once very powerful tribe lost one half of their numbers by the smallpox in 1823; they are entirely distinct from the Pawnee Picts, both in language and customs, and live 1000 miles from them. This tribe shave the head like the Sacs and Foxes.

FIRST BAND.

GRAND PAWNEES.

99. *Shón-ka-ki-hé-ga*, the Horse Chief. Head Chief of the Tribe.

This chief, and a number of his braves, visited Washington in 1837.

100. *La-dóo-ke-a*, the Buffalo Bull; his *medicine* or *totem* (the head of a buffalo bull) painted on his face and breast, his bow and arrow in his hands.

101. *Ah-sháw-wah-róoks-te*, the Medicine Horse; a Brave, or soldier.

SECOND BAND.

TAP-PAHGE PAWNEES.

102. *La-kée-too-wi-rá-sha*, the Little Chief; a great warrior.

103. *Loo-rá-wée-re-coo*, the Bird that goes to War.

THIRD BAND.

REPUBLICAN PAWNEES.

104. *A'h-sha-la-cóots-ah*, the Mole in the Forehead. Chief of his Band; a very distinguished warrior.

105. *Lá-shah-le-stáw-hix*, the Man Chief.

106. *La-wée-re-coo-re-shaw-wee*, the War Chief.

107. *Te-ah'-ke-ra-lée-re-coo*, the Chayenne; a fine-looking fellow, with a pipe in one hand and his whip in the other.

FOURTH BAND.

WOLF PAWNEES.

108. *Le-sháw-loo-láh-le-hoo*, the Big Elk. Chief of the Band.

109. *Lo-lóck-to-hóo-lah*, the Big Chief; a very celebrated man.

110. *La-wáh-he-coots-la-sháw-no*, the Brave Chief; impressions of hands painted on his breast.
111. *L'har-e-tar-rúshe*, the Ill-natured Man; a great warrior.

O-MA'-HAS.

The remains of a numerous tribe, nearly destroyed by the smallpox in 1823, now living under the protection of the Pawnees; their numbers, about 1500.

112. *Man-sha-quí-ta*, the Little Soldier; a Brave.
113. *Ki-hó-ga-waw-shú-shee*, the Brave Chief. Chief of the Tribe.
114. *Om-pah-tón-ga*, the Big Elk; a famous warrior, his tomahawk in his hand, and face painted black, for war.
115. *Sháw-da-mon-nee*, There He Goes; a Brave.
116. *Nóm-ba-mon-nee*, the Double Walker; a Brave.

O'TE-TOES.

These are also the remains of a large tribe, two thirds of which were destroyed by smallpox in 1823; they are neighbours and friends of the Pawnees, numbering about 600.

117. *Wah-ro-née-sah*, the Surrounder. Chief of the Tribe, quite an old man; his shirt made of the skin of a grizzly bear, with the claws on.
118. *Nón-je-níng-a*, No Heart; a distinguished Brave.
119. *No-wáy-ke-súg-gah*, He who Strikes Two at Once. Sketch quite unfinished; beautiful dress, trimmed with a profusion of scalp-locks and eagles' quills; pipe in his hand, and necklace of grizzly bears' claws.
120. *Ráw-no-way-wóh-krah*, the Loose Pipe-stem; a Brave (full length); eagle head-dress, shirt of grizzly bear's skin.
121. *Wée-ke-rú-law*, He who Exchanges; beautiful pipe in his hand.

MIS-SO'U-RIES.

Once a very numerous and powerful nation, occupying the States of Illinois and Indiana. Reduced in wars with Sacs and Foxes, and lastly by the smallpox, in 1823; now merged into the Pawnee tribe. Numbers at present 400; twenty years ago, 18,000.

122. *Háw-che-ke-súg-ga*, He who Kills the Osages. Chief of the Tribe; an old man, necklace of grizzly bears' claws, and a handsome, carved pipe in his hand.

RIC-CA-RE'ES.

A small but very hostile tribe of 2,500, on the west bank of the Missouri, 1600 miles above its junction with the Mississippi,—living in one village of earth-covered lodges.

123. *Stán-au-pat*, the Bloody Hand. Chief of the Tribe. His face painted red with vermilion, scalping-knife in his hand; wearing a beautiful dress.
124. *Kah-béck-a*, the Twin; wife of the Chief (No. 123).
125. *Pshán-shaw*, the Sweet-scented Grass; a girl of twelve years old, daughter of the Chief (No. 123), full length, in a beautiful dress of the mountain sheep skin, neatly garnished, and robe of the young buffalo.
126. *Páh-too-cá-ra*, He who Strikes; a distinguished Brave.

 MAN-DANS,

(SEE-PO'HS-KA-NU-MA'H-KA'-KEE), PEOPLE OF THE PHEASANTS.

A small tribe of 2000 souls, living in two permanent villages on the Missouri, 1800 miles above its junction with the Mississippi. Earth-covered lodges, villages fortified by strong picquets, eighteen feet high, and a ditch. [*This friendly and interesting tribe all perished by the smallpox and suicide, in 1837, (three years after I lived amongst them,) excepting about forty, who have since been destroyed by their enemy, rendering the tribe entirely extinct, and their language lost, in the short space of a few months!* The disease was carried amongst them by the traders, which destroyed in six months, of different tribes, 25,000!]

127. *Ha-na-táh-nu-maúhk*, the Wolf Chief; head of the Tribe, in a splendid dress, head-dress of raven quills, and two *calumets* or pipes of peace in his hand.
128. *Máh-to-tóh-pa*, the Four Bears; second Chief, but the favorite and popular man of the nation; costume splendid, head-dress of war eagles' quills and ermine, extending quite to the ground, surmounted by the horns of the buffalo and skin of the magpie.
129. *Mah-tó-he-ha*, the Old Bear; a very distinguished Brave; but here represented in the character of a *Medicine Man* or Doctor, with his *medicine* or *mystery* pipes in his hands, and foxes' tails tied to his heels, prepared to make his last visit to his patient, to cure him, if possible, by *hocus pocus* and magic.
130. *Mah-táhp-ta-ha*, He who Rushes through the Middle; a Brave, son of the former Chief, called "the Four Men." Necklace of bears' claws.

131. *Máh-to-tóh-pa*, the Four Bears ; in *undress*, being in mourning, with a few locks of his hair cut off. His hair put up in plaits or slabs, with glue and red paint, a custom of the tribe.

The scars on his breast, arms, and legs, show that he has several times in his life submitted to the propitiatory tortures represented in four paintings, Nos. 505, 506, 507, 508.

132. *Seehk-hée-da*, the Mouse-coloured Feather, or "*White Eyebrows*;" a very noted Brave, with a beautiful pipe in his hand ; his hair quite yellow.

This man was killed by the Sioux, and scalped, two years after I painted his portrait : his scalp lies on the table, No. 10.

133. *Mi-néek-ee-súnk-te-ka*, the Mink ; a beautiful Mandan Girl, in mountain sheep-skin dress, ornamented with porcupine quills, beads, and elk's teeth.

134. *Sha-kó-ka*, Mint.

A very pretty and modest girl, twelve years of age, with *grey hair ! peculiar to the Mandans*. This unaccountable peculiarity belongs to the Mandans alone, and about one in twelve, of both sexes, and of all ages, have the hair of a bright silvery grey, and exceedingly coarse and harsh, somewhat like a horse's mane.

135. *U'n-ka-hah-hón-shee-kow*, the Long Finger Nails ; a Brave.

136. *Máh-tah'p-ta-hah*, the One who Rushes through the Middle.

- 137—138—139—140—141—142. *San-ja-ka-kó-kóh*, the Deceiving Wolf ; and five others, in a group ; names not preserved.

SH'I-EN'NE.

A small, but very valiant tribe of 3,000, neighbours of the Sioux, on the west, between the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains : a very tall race of men, second in stature to the Osages.

143. *Né-hee-ó-ee-wóo-tis*, the Wolf on the Hill. Chief of the Tribe ; a noble and fine-looking fellow : this man has been known to own 100 horses at one time.

144. *Tís-se-wóo-na-tís*, She who Bathes her Knees ; Wife of the Chief (No. 143) ; her hair in braid.

FLAT HEADS, OR NEZ PERCÉS.

On the head waters of the Columbia, west of the Rocky Mountains.

145. *Hee-oh'ks-te-kin*, the Rabbit's Skin Leggings ; a Brave, in a very beautiful dress.

146. *H'co-a-h'co-a-h'cotes-min*, No Horns on his Head; a Brave, a very handsome man, in a beautiful dress.
147. () Woman and Child; showing the manner in which the heads of the children are flattened.

CH'IN-OOK.

On the lower parts of the Columbia, near the Pacific Ocean.

148. *Hee-doh'ge-ats*, ———; a young man, eighteen years of age.

BLACK FEET.

A very warlike and hostile tribe of 50,000, including the *Peagans*, *Cotonnés*, and *Gros-ventres des Prairies*, occupying the head waters of the Missouri, extending a great way into the British Territory on the north, and into the Rocky Mountains in the west. Rather low in stature, broad chested, square shouldered, richly clad and well armed, living in skin lodges. 12,000 of them destroyed by smallpox within the year 1838!

149. *Stu-mick-o-súcks*, the Buffalo's Back Fat. Chief of the Tribe, in a splendid costume, richly garnished with porcupine quills, and fringed with scalp-locks.
150. *Eeh-nís-kim*, the Crystal Stone; wife of the Chief (No. 149).
151. *In-ne-ó-cose*, the Buffalo's Child; a warrior, full-length, with *medicine bag* of otter skin.
152. *Peh-tó-pe-kiss*, the Eagle's Ribs. Chief of the "*Blood Band*," full-length, in splendid dress; head-dress of horns of the buffalo and ermines' tails; lance in his hand and two *medicine bags*.
153. *Mix-ke-móte-skín-na*, the Iron Horn; warrior, in a splendid dress.
154. *Peh-no-máh-kan*, He who Runs Down the Hill.
155. *Ah'-kay-ee-píx-en*, the Woman who Strikes Many; full-length; dress of mountain sheep-skin.
156. *Méh-tóom*, the Hill.
157. *Tcha-dés-sa-ko-máh-pee*, the Bear's Child, with war-club.
158. *Wún-nes-tou*, the White Buffalo; a *medicine man* or *doctor*, with his *medicine* or *mystery* shield.
159. *Tcha-aés-ka-ding*, ———; boy, four years old, wearing his robe made of the skin of a racoon: this boy is grandson of the Chief, and is expected to be his successor.

160. *Peh-tó-pe-kiss*, the Eagle's Ribs. Chief of the Blood Band ; splendid dress.

This man boasted to me that he had killed eight white men (trappers) in his country ; he said that they had repeatedly told the traders that they should not catch the beaver in their country, and if they continued to do it they would kill them.

161. () ———, a *medicine man* or *doctor*, performing his *medicines* or *mysteries* over a dying man, with the skin of a yellow bear, and other curious articles of dress, thrown over him ; with his mystery rattle and mystery spear, which, he supposes, possess a supernatural power in the art of healing and curing the sick.

CROWS (BEL-ANT-SE-A).

A tribe of 7,000, on the head waters of the Yellow Stone River, extending their hunts and their wars into the Rocky Mountains—inveterate enemies of the Black Feet ; tall, fine-limbed men, graceful and gentlemanly in deportment, and the most richly and tastefully clad of any Indians on the continent. Skin lodges, many of which are tastefully ornamented and painted like the one standing in the room.

162. *Cháh-ee-chópes*, the Four Wolves ; a Chief, a fine-looking fellow ; his hair reaching the ground ; his *medicine* (mystery) *bag* of the skin of the ermine.

This man was in mourning, having some of his locks cut off.

163. *Eé-hée-a-duck-chée-a*, He who Ties his Hair Before ; a man of six feet stature, whose natural hair drags on the ground as he walks.
164. *Pa-rís-ka-róo-pa*, the Two Crows. Chief of a Band ; his hair sweeps the ground ; his head-dress made of the eagle's skin entire ; he holds in his hand his lance and two *medicine* bags, the one of his own instituting, the other taken from his enemy, whom he had killed in battle.
165. *Hó-ra-tó-ah*, ——— ; a Brave, wrapped in his robe, and his hair reaching to the ground ; his spear in his hand, and bow and quiver slung.
166. *Oó-je-en-á-he-ah*, the Woman who Lives in the Bear's Den ; her hair cut off, she being in mourning.
167. *Duhk-pits-o-hó-shee*, the Red Bear.
168. *Pa-ris-ka-róo-pa*, the Two Crows (the younger,) called the "Philosopher."

A young man distinguished as an orator and wise man, though the character of his face and head would almost appear like a deformity.

169. *Bi-éets-ee-cure*, the Very Sweet Man.

170. *Ba-da-ah-chón-du*, He who Jumps over Every One; on a wild horse, with war-eagle head-dress on his horse's and his own head; with shield, bow, quiver, and lance; his long hair floating in the wind.

GROS-VENTRES

(MIN-A-TAR-R'EES), PEOPLE OF THE WILLOWS.

A small tribe, near neighbours and friends of the Mandans, speaking the Crow language, and probably have, at a former period, strayed away from them; numbering about 1,100.

171. *Eh-toh'k-pah-she-pée-shah*, the Black Moccasin. Chief; over a hundred years old; sits in his lodge, smoking a handsome pipe; his arms and ornaments hanging on a post by the side of his bed. (Since dead.)
172. *E'e-a-chín-che-a*, the Red Thunder; the son of the Black Moccasin (No. 171), represented in the costume of a warrior.
173. *Pa-ris-ka-róo-pa*, the Two Crows; with a handsome shirt, ornamented with ermine, and necklace of grizzly bears' claws.
- This man is now the head Chief of the tribe.
174. (), —————; woman, the wife of the Two Crows (No. 173.)
175. *Seet-sé-be-a*, the Mid-day Sun; a pretty girl, in mountain sheep-skin dress, and fan of the eagle's tail in her hand.

CREES (KN'IS-TE-NE'UX).

A small tribe of 4,000, in *Her Majesty's dominions*, neighbours of the Black Feet, and always at war with them; desperate warriors; small and light in stature. Half of them have recently died of the smallpox since I was amongst them.

176. *Eeh-tow-wées-ka-zeet*, He who has Eyes behind him; one of the foremost braves of the tribe, in a handsome dress.
- This man visited Washington with the Indian agent, Major Sanford, a few years since.
177. *Tsec-móunt*, a Great Wonder; woman carrying her Infant in her robe.
178. *Tow-ée-ka-wet*, —————; woman.

AS-SIN-NE-BOINS (STONE BOILERS).

A tribe of 8,000, occupying the country from the mouth of the Yellow Stone River to Lake Winnipeg, in her *British Majesty's dominions*, speaking the Sioux or Dahcota language, ranging about like them, in skin lodges, and no doubt a

severed band of that great nation. 4,000 of these people destroyed by the smallpox in 1838, since I was amongst them.

179. *Wi-jún-jon*, the Pigeon's Egg Head; one of the most distinguished young Warriors of the Tribe.

He was taken to Washington in 1832 by Major Sanford, the Indian agent; after he went home he was condemned as a liar, and killed, in consequence of the *incredible* stories which he told of the whites.—(See him on *his way to, and returning from*, Washington, No. 475.)

180. *Chin-cha-pee*, the Fire Bug that Creeps; Wife of *Wi-jún-jon* (No. 179); her face painted red, and in her hand a stick, used by the women in those regions for digging the “pomme blanche,” or prairie turnip.

181. (): Woman and Child, in beautiful skin dresses.

CHIP-PE-WAYS (OJIBBEWAYS).

A very numerous tribe, of some 15 or 20,000, inhabiting a vast tract of country on the southern shores of Lakes Superior, Lake of the Woods, and the Athabasca, extending a great way into the British territory; residing in skin and bark lodges.

182. *Sha-có-pay*, the Six. Chief of the Ojibbeways, living north of the mouth of Yellow Stone River; in a rich dress, with his battles emblazoned on it.
183. *Kay-a-gís-gis*, ———; a beautiful young woman pulling her hair out of braid.
184. *Háh-je-day-ah'-shee*, the Meeting Birds; a Brave, with his war-club in his hand.
185. *Kay-ée-qua-da-kúm-ee-gísh-kum*, He who Tries the Ground with his Foot.
186. *Jú-ah-kís-gaw*, ———; woman, with her Child in a cradle or “crib.”
187. *Cáh-be-múb-bee*, He who Sits Everywhere; a Brave.
188. *O-tá-wah*, the Ottaway; a distinguished Warrior.
189. *Ka-bés-kunk*, He who Travels Everywhere; a desperate Warrior; his war-club in his left hand and a handsome pipe in his right; strikes with his left hand; eight quills in his head stand for eight scalps he had taken from the heads of the Sioux, his enemies.
190. *Ohj-ká-tchee-kum*, He who Walks on the Sea.
191. *Gitch-ee-gáw-ga-osh*, the Point that Remains for Ever; a very old and respectable Chief. (Since dead.)

192. *Gaw-záw-que-dung*, He who Halloos. Civilized.
193. *O'n-daig*, the Crow; a Beau or Dandy in full array, called by the Ojibbeways, *sha-wis-zee shah-go-tay-a*, a harmless man.
194. *I-an-be-w'ah-dick*, the Male Carabou; a Brave, with a war-club in his hand.
195. (), ———; woman.

I-RO-QU'OIS.

A small remnant of a tribe who were once very numerous and warlike, inhabiting the northern part of New York; only a few scattered individuals now living, who are merged in the neighbouring tribes.

196. *Nót-to-way*, a Chief, a temperate and excellent man, with a beautiful head-dress on.
197. *Chée-ah-ká-tchée*, ———; woman, wife of Nót-to-way, (No. 196.)

O'T-TA-WAS.

A subdued and half-civilized tribe of 5,500, speaking the Ojibbeway language, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Agricultural and dissipated.

198. *Shin-gós-se-moon*, the Big Sail; a Chief, blind in one eye.
The effects of whiskey and civilization are plainly discernible in this instance.

WIN-NE-BA-GOES.

A very fierce and warlike tribe, on the western shores of Lake Michigan, greatly reduced of late years by repeated attacks of the smallpox and the dissipated vices of civilized neighbours; number at this time 4,400.

- 199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206. *Du-cór-re-a*, ———. Chief of the Tribe, and his Family, a group of eight.
207. *Wah-chee-háhs-ka*, the Man who puts all out of Doors, called the "Boxer;" the largest man of the Winnebagoes; war-club in his hand, and rattle-snake skins on his arms.
208. *Won-de-tów-a*, the Wonder.
209. *Náw-káw*, Wood; formerly the head Chief, with his war-club on his arm. (Dead.)
210. *Káw-kaw-ne-chóo-a*, ———; a Brave.
211. *Wa-kon-chásh-kaw*, He who comes on the Thunder.
212. *Naw-naw-páy-ee*, the Soldier.
213. *Wah-kón-ze-kaw*, the Snake.
214. *Span-e-o-née-kaw*, the Spaniard.

215. *Hoo-w'a-ne-kaw*, the Little Elk.
 216. *No-ak-chóo-she-kaw*, He who Breaks the Bushes.
 217. *Naugh-háigh-kee-kaw*, He who Moistens the Wood.

ME-NO'M-O-NIES.

Like the Winnebagoes, mostly destroyed by whiskey and smallpox, and now numbering about 3,500, and in a miserable state of dependence; on the western side of Lake Michigan.

218. *Mah-kée-mee-teuv*, the Grizzly Bear. Chief of the Nation, and chief of a delegation to Washington City in 1829, (since dead;) handsome pipe in his hand, and wampum on his neck.
 219. *Mee-chéet-e-neuh*, the Wounded Bear's Shoulder; wife of the Chief (No. 218).
 220. *Chee-me-náh-na-quet*, the Great Cloud; son of the Chief (No. 218), a great rascal.
 221. *Ko-mán-i-kin-o-shaw*, the Little Whale; a Brave, with his *medicine wand*, his looking-glass, and scissors.
 222. *Sha-wá-no*, the South; a noted warrior.
 223. *Másh-kee-wet*, ———; a great beau, or dandy.
 224. *Pah-shee-náu-shaw*, ———; a warrior.
 225. *Tcha-káuks-o-ko-máugh*, the Great Chief, (boy).
 226. *Aú-nah-kwet-to-hau-páy-o*, the One Sitting in the Clouds; a fine boy.
 227. *Aúh-ka-nah-paw-wáh*, Earth Standing; an old and very valiant warrior.
 228. *Ko-mán-i-kin*, the Big Wave, called the "Philosopher;" a very old and distinguished Chief.
 229. *O-ho-páh-sha*, the Small Whoop; a hard-visaged warrior, of most remarkable distinction.
 230. *Ah-yaw-ne-tah-cár-ron*, ———; a warrior.
 231. *Au-wáh shew-kew*, the Female Bear; wife of the above (No. 230).
 232. *Coo-coo-coo*, the Owl; a very old and emaciated Chief; sits smoking a handsome pipe.
 233. *Wáh-chees*, ———; a brave.
 234. *Chésh-ko-tong*, He who Sings the War Song.
 235—236. Two in a group, names not known; one with his war-club, and the other with his lute at his mouth.

POT-O-WA'T-O-MIE.

Once a numerous tribe, now numbering about 2,700, reduced by smallpox and whiskey,—recently removed from the state of Indiana to the western shores of the Missouri: semi-civilized.

237. *On-sáw-kie*, the Sac; in the act of praying; his prayer written in characters on a maple stick.
238. *Na-pów-sa*, the Bear Travelling in the Night; one of the most influential Chiefs of the Tribe.
239. *Kée-se*, ———; a woman.

 KI'CK-A-POO.

On the frontier settlements; semi-civilized; number about 600; greatly reduced by smallpox and whiskey.

240. *Kee-án-ne-kuk*, the Foremost Man, called the “*Prophet*.” Chief of the Tribe, in the attitude of prayer.

This very shrewd fellow engraved on a maple stick, in characters, a prayer which was taught him by a methodist missionary; and by introducing it into the hands of every one of his tribe, who are enjoined to read it over every morning and evening as service, has acquired great celebrity and respect in his tribe, as well as a good store of their worldly goods, as he manufactures them all, and gets well paid for them.

241. *Ah-tón-we-tuck*, the Cock Turkey; repeating his prayer from the stick in his hand, described above.
242. *Ma-shée-na*, the Elk's Horns; a Sub-Chief, in the act of prayer, as above described.
243. *Ke-chím-qua*, the Big Bear; wampum on his neck, and red flag in his hand, the symbol of war or “blood.”
244. *A'h-tee-wát-o-mee*, ———; woman, with wampum and silver broaches in profusion on her neck.
245. *Shee-náh-wee*, ———.

 KA'S-KA'S-KIA.

Once famed, numerous, and warlike, on the frontier, but now reduced to a few individuals by smallpox and whiskey.

246. *Kee-món-saw*, the Little Chief. Chief. Semi-civilized.
247. *Wah-pe-séh-see*, ———; a very aged woman, mother of the above.

W E' E - A H.

Remnant of a tribe on the frontier; semi-civilized; reduced by whiskey and disease; present number 200.

248. *Go-to-ków-páh-ah*, He who Stands by Himself; a Brave of distinction, with his hatchet in his hand.
249. *Wah-pón-jee-a*, the Swan; a Warrior; fine-looking fellow, with an European countenance.
250. *Wáh-pe-say*, the White.
-

P E - O' - R I - A.

Also a small remnant of a tribe on the frontier, reduced by the same causes as above; present number about 200.

251. *Pah-mee-ców-ee-tah*, the Man who Tracks; a Chief; remarkably fine head.

This man would never drink whiskey.

252. *Wap-sha-ka-náh*, ———; a Brave.
253. *Kee-mo-rá-nia*, No English; a Beau; his face curiously painted, and looking-glass in his hand.
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P I - A' N - K E - S H A W.

A frontier tribe, reduced, as above; present number 170.

254. *Ni-a-có-mo*, to Fix with the Foot; a Brave.
255. *Men-són-se-ah*, the Left Hand; a fierce-looking Warrior, with a stone hatchet in his hand.
-

I' - O - W A Y.

A small tribe on the frontier, reduced by smallpox and their enemies; living on the Missouri; number about 1400. Uncivilized, fine-looking men.

256. *Notch-ee-níng-a*, No Heart, called "White Cloud." Chief of the Tribe; necklace of grizzly bears' claws, and shield, bow and arrows in his hand.
257. *Pah-ta-cóo-chee*, the Shooting Cedar; a Brave, with war-club on his arm.
258. *No-o-mún-nee*, He who walks in the Rain; warrior, with his pipe and tobacco-pouch in his hand.

259. *W'y-ee-yogh*, the Man of Sense ; a Brave, with a handsome pipe in his hand, and bear's claw necklace on his neck.
260. *Wos-cóm-mun*, the Busy Man ; a Brave.
262. *Mún-ne-o-ye*, ———— ; woman.

SE'N-E-CAS.

Near Lake Erie, State of New York. 1,200, semicivilized and agricultural. One of the tribes composing the great compact, called the "Six Nations."

263. *Red Jacket*, Head Chief of the Tribe; full-length, life size, standing on the "Table Rock," Niagara Falls.

This man was chief for many years, and so remained until his death, in 1831. Perhaps no Indian Sachem has ever lived on our frontier, whose name and history are better known, or whose talents have been more generally admitted, than those of Red Jacket ; he was, as a savage, very great in *council* and in *war*.

264. (), Deep Lake ; an old Chief.
265. (), Round Island ; Warrior, half-blood.
A very handsome fellow.
266. (), Hard Hickory ; a very ferocious-looking, but a mild and amiable man.
267. (), Good Hunter ; a Warrior.
268. (), ———^d String ; a Warrior, renowned.
269. (), Seneca Steele ; a great libertine, hatchet in his hand.

O-NE'I-DA.

Remnant of a tribe, State of New York, one of the "Six Nations ;" present number 600.

270. (), Bread ; the Chief, half-blood, civilized.
A fine-looking and an excellent man.

TUS-KA-RO'-RA.

New York, remnant of a numerous tribe, one of the confederacy of the "Six Nations ;" present number 500. Semicivilized.

271. *Cú-sick*, ———— ; son of the Chief. Civilized and Christianized.
This man is a Baptist preacher, and quite an eloquent man.

MO-HE'E-CON-NEU, OR "MO-HE-GAN," THE GOOD CANOEMEN.

Now living near Green Bay; numbers 400 or 500, formerly of Massachusetts; a band of the famous tribe of Pequots. Now semicivilized.

272. *Ee-tów-o-kaum*, Both sides of the River. Chief of the Tribe, with a psalm book in one hand, and a cane in the other. *Christianized*.
273. *Waun-naw-con*, The Dish, (John W. Quinney;) Missionary Preacher. *Civilized*.

DE'L-A-WARES.

Remains of a bold, daring, and numerous tribe, formerly of the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware, and the terror of all the Eastern Tribes. Gradually wasted away by wars, removals, smallpox and whiskey; now living on the western borders of Missouri, and number only 824; lost by smallpox at different times, 10,000.

274. *Bód-a-sin*, ———; the Chief; a distinguished man.
275. *Ni-có-man*, the Answer; the second Chief, with bow and arrows in his hand.
276. *Non-on-dá-gon*, ———; a Chief, with a ring in his nose.

SHA-WA'-NO (SHAW-NEE).

Remains of a numerous tribe; formerly inhabited a part of Pennsylvania, afterwards Ohio, and recently removed west of the Mississippi River. Number at present about 1200; lost one half by smallpox at different times. Semicivilized, intemperate.

277. *Lay-láw-she-kaw*, He who goes up the River; a very aged man, Chief of the Tribe; his ears slit and elongated by wearing weights in them, according to the custom of the tribe, and his hair whitened with age.
278. *Ká-te-quaw*, the Female Eagle; a fine-looking girl, daughter of the above Chief.
279. *Ten-squat-a-way*, the Open Door; called the "Shawnee Prophet," brother of Tecumsch; blind in one eye, holding his *medicine* or mystery fire in one hand, and his "*sacred string of beans*" in the other; a great *mystery man*.
280. *Pah-te-cóo-saw*, the Straight Man. Semicivilized.
281. *Lay-lóo-ah-pee-ái-shee-kaw*, Grass, Bush, and Blossom. Half civil, and *more than half drunk*.
282. *Cóo-pe-saw-quáy-te*, ———; woman (the Indescribable).

CH'ER-O-KEES.

Formerly of the State of Georgia, recently removed west of the Mississippi, to the head waters of the Arkansas. This tribe are mostly civilized and agriculturists; number 22,000.

283. *John Ross*, a civilized and well-educated man, head Chief of the nation.

284. *Túch-ee*, called "Dutch;" first war Chief of the Cherokees; a fine-looking fellow, with a turban'd head.

I travelled and hunted with this man some months, when he guided the Regiment of Dragoons to the Camanchee and Pawnee villages; he is a great warrior and a remarkable hunter.

285. *Jól-lee*, ———. Chief of a band of the Cherokees. (Since dead.)

286. *Téh-ke-néh-kee*, the Black Coat; a Chief, also of considerable standing.

287. *A'h-hee-te-wáh-chee*, ———; a very pretty woman, in civilized dress, her hair falling over her shoulders.

MUS-KO'-GEE (CREEK).

Recently removed from Georgia and Alabama, to the Arkansas, 700 miles west of the Mississippi. Present number 21,000. Semicivilized and agricultural.

288. *Steeh-tcha-kó-me-co*, the Great King, called "Ben Perryman;" one of the Chiefs of the tribe.

289. *Hól-te-mál-te-téz-te-néehk-ee*, ———, "Sam Perryman;" brother of the Chief above, and a jolly companionable man.

290. *Wat-ál-le-go*, ———; a Brave.

291. *Hose-put-o-káw-gee*, ———; a Brave.

292. *Tchow-ee-pút-o-kaw*, ———; woman.

293. *Tel-maz-há-za*, ———; a Warrior of great distinction.

CH'OC-TAW.

Recently removed by Government from the States of Georgia and Alabama, to the Arkansas, 700 miles W. of the Mississippi. Present number 15,000. Semicivilized.

294. *M'o-sho-la-túb-bee*, He who puts out and Kills; first Chief of the tribe.

A gentlemanly looking man, (died recently of smallpox).

295. *Kút-tee-o-túb-bee*, How did he Kill? A noted Brave.

296. *Há-tchoo-túck-nee*, the Snapping Turtle; half-bred, and well-educated man.

297. ———, woman; hair in braid; remarkable expression.

298. *Tul-lock-ch'ish-ko*, He who Drinks the Juice of the Stone.
299. *Tul-lock-ch'ish-ko*. Full-length, in the dress and attitude of a ball player, with ball-sticks in his hand, and tail, made of white horse-hair, attached to his belt.

SEM-I-NO'-LEE (RUNAWAY); 3000.

Occupying the peninsula of Florida, semicivilized, partly agricultural. The government have succeeded in removing about one half of them to the Arkansas, during the last four years, at the expense of 32,000,000 dollars, the lives of twenty-eight or thirty officers, and 600 soldiers.

300. *Mick-e-no-páh*, ———; first Chief of the Tribe; full-length, sitting crosslegged.

This man owned 100 negroes when the war broke out, and was raising large and valuable crops of corn and cotton.

301. *Os-ce-o-lá*, the Black Drink; a warrior of very great distinction.

Painted only five days before his death, while he was a prisoner of war at Fort Moultrie. This remarkable man, though not a chief, took the lead in the war, and was evidently (at the time he was captured), followed by the chiefs, and looked upon as the *master spirit* of the war.

302. *Ee-mat-lá*, King Philip; an old man, second Chief.

Like Osceola, he died while a prisoner, soon after I painted him.

303. *Ye-hów-lo-gee*, the Cloud; a Chief who distinguished himself in the war.

304. *Co-ee-há-jo*, ———; a Chief, very conspicuous in the present war.

305. *L'ah-shee*, the Licker; a half-breed warrior, called "Creek Billey."

306. *How-ee-dá-hee*, ———, a Seminolee woman.

307. () ———; a Seminolee woman.

308. *Os-ce-o-lá*, the Black Drink. Full-length, with his rifle in his hand, calico dress, and trinkets, exactly as he was dressed and stood to be painted five days before his death.

E'U-CHEE.

Remnant of a powerful tribe who once occupied the southern part of the peninsula of Florida, were overrun by the Creeks and Seminolees, the remnant of them merging into the Seminolee tribe, and living with them now as a part of their nation. Present number 150.

309. *Etch-ée-fix-e-co*, the Deer without a Heart, called "*Euchee Jack*;" a Chief of considerable renown.

310. *Chee-a-ex-e-co*, ———; quite a modest and pretty girl, daughter of the above Chief.

CERTIFICATES.

LANDSCAPES, SPORTING SCENES, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

"THE Landscapes, Buffalo-Hunting Scenes, &c. above mentioned, I have seen, and although it has been thirty years since I travelled over that country, yet a considerable number of them I recognized as faithful representations, and the remainder of them are so much in the peculiar character of that country as to seem entirely familiar to me.

"WM. CLARK, *Superintendent of Indian Affairs.*"

"The Landscape Views on the Missouri, Buffalo Hunts, and other scenes, taken by my friend Mr. Catlin, are correct delineations of the scenes they profess to represent, as I am perfectly well acquainted with the country, having passed through it more than a dozen times. And further, I know, that they were taken on the spot, from nature, as I was present when Mr. Catlin visited that country.

"JOHN F. A. SANFORD, *U. SS. Indian Agent.*"

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to pronounce the Landscape Views, Views of Hunting, and other scenes, taken on the Upper Missouri, by Mr. Catlin, to be correct delineations of the scenery they profess to represent; and although I was not present when they were taken in the field, I was able to identify almost every one between St. Louis and the grand Bend of the Missouri.

"J. L. BEAN, *S. Agent of Indian Affairs.*"

"I have seen Mr. Catlin's collection of *Indian Portraits*, many of which were familiar to me, and painted in my presence, in their villages. I have spent the greater part of my life amongst the tribes and individuals he has represented, and I do not hesitate to pronounce them correct likenesses and easily recognized; also, the sketches of their *Manners and Customs*, I think, are excellent, and the *Landscape Views* on the *Missouri* and *Mississippi* are correct representations.

"K. M'KENZIE, *of the Am. Fur Company, Mouth of Yellow Stone.*"

"I have examined a series of paintings by Mr. Catlin, representing *Indian Buffalo Hunts, Landscapes, &c.*, and from an acquaintance of twenty-seven years with such scenes as are represented, I feel qualified to judge them, and do, unhesitatingly, pronounce them good and unexaggerated representations.

"JNO. DOUGHERTY, *Indian Agent for Pawnees, Omahas, and Otoes.*"

LANDSCAPES.

311. St. Louis, (from the river below, in 1836,) a town on the Mississippi, with 25,000 inhabitants.
312. View on Upper Mississippi, beautiful Prairie Bluffs, everywhere covered with a green turf.
313. "Bad Axe" battle ground, where Black Hawk was defeated by General Atkinson, above Prairie du Chien. Indians making defence and swimming the river.
314. Chippeways gathering wild rice, near the source of St. Peter's; shelling their rice into their bark canoes, by bending it over, and whipping it with sticks.
315. View near "Prairie la Crosse," beautiful Prairie Bluffs, above Prairie du Chien—Upper Mississippi.
316. "Cap o'lail" (garlic cape), a bold and picturesque promontory on Upper Mississippi.
317. Picturesque Bluffs above Prairie du Chien, Upper Mississippi.
318. "Pike's Tent," the highest Bluff on the river, Upper Mississippi.
319. View of the "Cornice Rocks," and "Pike's Tent," in distance, 750 miles above St. Louis, on Upper Mississippi.
320. "Lover's Leap," on Lake Pepin, Upper Mississippi, a rock 500 feet high, where an Indian girl threw herself off a few years since, to avoid marrying the man to whom she was given by her father.
321. Falls of St. Anthony, 900 miles above St. Louis; perpendicular fall eighteen feet, Upper Mississippi.
322. Madame Ferrebault's Prairie from the river above; the author and his companion descending the river in a bark canoe, above Prairie du Chien, Upper Mississippi; beautiful grass covered bluffs.
323. "Little Falls," near the Falls of St. Anthony, on a small stream.
324. "La Montaigne que tremps l'Eau," Mississippi, above Prairie du Chien.
325. Cassville, below Prairie du Chien, Upper Mississippi; a small village just commenced, in 1835.
326. Dubuque, a town in the lead mining country.
327. Galena, a small town on Upper Mississippi.

328. Rock Island, United States Garrison, Upper Mississippi.

329. Beautiful Prairie Bluffs, ditto.

330. Dubuque's Grave, ditto.

Dubuque was the first miner in the lead mines under the Spanish grant. He built his own sepulchre, and raised a cross over it, on a beautiful bluff, overlooking the river, forty years ago, where it now stands.

331. River Bluffs, magnificent view, Upper Mississippi.

332. Fort Snelling, at the mouth of St. Peter's, U. S. Garrison, seven miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, Upper Mississippi.

333. Prairie du Chien, 500 miles above St. Louis, Upper Mississippi, United States Garrison.

334. Chippeway Village, and Dog Feast at the Falls of St. Anthony; lodges built with birch bark, Upper Mississippi.

335. Sioux Village, Lake Calhoun, near Fort Snelling; lodges built with poles.

336. "Coteau des Prairies," headwaters of St. Peter's. My companion, Indian guide, and myself encamping at sunset, cooking by our fire, made of buffalo dung.

337. "Pipestone Quarry," on the Coteau des Prairies, 300 miles N. W. from the Falls of St. Anthony, on the divide between the St. Peter's and Missouri.

The place where the Indians get the stone for all their red pipes. The mineral, *red steatite*, variety differing from any other known locality—wall of solid, compact quartz, grey and rose colour, highly polished as if vitrified; the wall is two miles in length and thirty feet high, with a beautiful cascade leaping from its top into a basin. On the Prairie, at the base of the wall, the pipeclay (steatite) is dug up at two and three feet depth. There are seen five immense granite boulders, under which there are two squaws, according to their tradition, who eternally dwell there—the guardian spirits of the place—and must be consulted, before the pipestone can be dug up.

338. Sault de St. Mary's—Indians catching white fish in the rapids, at the outlet of Lake Superior, by dipping their scoop nets.

339. Sault de St. Mary's from the Canadian Shore, Lake Superior, showing the United States Garrison in the distance.

340. View on the St. Peter's River, twenty miles above Fort Snelling.

341. View on the St. Peter's—Sioux Indians pursuing a Stag, in their canoes.

342. Salt Meadows on the Upper Missouri, and great herds of buffalo—incrustation of salt, which looks like snow.

Salt water flows over the prairie in the spring, and evaporating during the summer, leaves the ground covered with muriate, as white as snow.

343. Pawnee Village in Texas, at the base of a spur of the Rocky Mountains—lodges thatched with prairie grass.

344. View on the Canadian, in Texas.

345. View of the junction of Red River, with the False Washitta, in Texas.

346. Camanchee Village, in Texas, showing a spur of the Rocky Mountains in the distance—lodges made of buffalo skins. Women dressing robes and drying meat.

347. View on the Wisconsin—Winnebagoes shooting ducks, in bark canoe.

348. Lac du Cygne (Swan Lake), near the Coteau des Prairies.

A famous place, where myriads of white swans lay their eggs and hatch their young.

349. Beautiful Savannah in the pine woods of Florida.

One of thousands of small lakes which have been gradually filled in with vegetation.

350. View on Lake St. Croix, Upper Mississippi.

351. View on the Canadian—Dragoons crossing, 1834.

352. Ta-wa-que-nah, or Rocky Mountain, near the Camanchee Village, Texas.

353. Camanchee Village, and Dragoons approaching it, showing the hospitable manner in which they were received by the Camanchees. Camanchee warriors all riding out and forming in a line, with a white flag, to receive the Dragoons.

354. White Sand Bluffs, on Santa Rosa Island; and Seminoles drying fish, near Pensacola, on the Gulf of Florida.

355. View of the "Stone Man Medicine," Coteau des Prairies.

A human figure of some rods in length, made on the top of a high bluff, by laying flat stones on the grass. A great *mystery* or *medicine* place of the Sioux.

356. Fort Winnebago, on the head of Fox River, an United States outpost.

357. Fort Howard, Green Bay, an U. S. outpost.

358. Fort Gibson, Arkansas, an U. S. outpost, 700 miles west of the Mississippi river.

359. The "Shot Tower," Wisconsin.

360. Passing the "Grand Chute" with Bark Canoe, Fox River.

361. View of Mackinaw, Lake Michigan, an U. S. outpost.
362. View in the "Cross Timbers," where General Leavenworth died, on the Mexican Borders.
363. View on Lower Missouri—alluvial banks falling in, with their huge cotton woods, forming raft and snags, 600 miles above St. Louis.
364. View on Upper Missouri—the "Black Bird's Grave."
Where "Black Bird," Chief of the Omahas, was buried on his favorite war horse which was alive; 1100 miles above St. Louis.
365. View on Upper Missouri—"Black Bird's Grave," a back view, prairies enamelled with wild flowers.
366. View on Upper Missouri—"Brick Kilns," volcanic remains, clay bluffs, 200 feet, supporting large masses of red pumice, 1900 miles above St. Louis.
367. View on Upper Missouri—Foot war party on the march, beautiful prairie—spies and scouts in advance.
368. View on Upper Missouri—Prairie Bluffs at sunrising, near Mouth of Yellow Stone.
369. View on Upper Missouri—Mouth of the Platte; its junction with the Missouri, 900 miles above St. Louis.
370. View on Upper Missouri—Magnificent Clay Bluffs, 1800 miles above St. Louis; stupendous domes and ramparts, resembling some ancient ruins—streak of coal near the water's edge, and my little canoe, with myself and two men, Bogard and Bâtiste, descending the river.
371. View on Upper Missouri—Cabane's trading house—Fur Company's Establishment, 930 miles above St. Louis, showing a great avalanche of the Bluffs.
372. View on Upper Missouri—View in the Grand Détour, 1900 miles above St. Louis. Magnificent clay Bluffs, with red pumice stone resting on their tops, and a party of Indians approaching Buffalo.
373. View on Upper Missouri—Beautiful Grassy Bluffs, 1100 miles above St. Louis.
374. View on Upper Missouri—Prairie Meadows burning, and a party of Indians running from it in grass eight or ten feet high.
These scenes are terrific and hazardous in the extreme, when the wind is blowing a gale.
375. View on Upper Missouri—Prairie Bluffs burning.
376. View on Upper Missouri—"Floyd's Grave," where Lewis and Clarke

buried Serjeant Floyd, thirty-three years since; a cedar post and sign over the grave.

377. View on Upper Missouri—Sioux encamped, dressing buffalo meat, and robes.
378. View on Upper Missouri—"The Tower," 1100 miles above St. Louis.
379. View on Upper Missouri—Distant view of the Mandan Village, 1800 miles above St. Louis.
380. View on Upper Missouri—Picturesque Clay Bluff, 1700 miles above St. Louis.
381. View on Upper Missouri—"Belle Vue"—Indian agency of Major Dougherty, 870 miles above St. Louis.
382. View on Upper Missouri—Beautiful Clay Bluffs, 1900 miles above St. Louis.
383. View on Upper Missouri—Minatarree Village, earth-covered lodges—on Knife river, 1810 miles above St. Louis. Bâtiste, Bogard, and myself ferried across the river by an Indian woman, in a skin canoe, and Indians bathing in the stream.
384. View on Upper Missouri—Fort Pierre—Mouth of Teton river—Fur Company's Trading Post, 1200 miles above St. Louis, with 600 lodges of Sioux Indians encamped about it, in skin lodges.
385. View on Upper Missouri—Nishnabottana Bluffs, 1070 miles above St. Louis.
386. View on Upper Missouri—Riccaree Village, with earth-covered lodges, 1600 miles above St. Louis.
387. View on Upper Missouri—South side of "Buffalo Island," showing the beautiful buffalo bush, with its blueleaves, and bending down with fruit.
388. View on Upper Missouri—Mouth of Yellow Stone—Fur Company's Fort—their principal post, 2000 miles above St. Louis, and a large party of Knisteneux encamped about it.
389. View on Upper Missouri The "Iron Bluff," 1200 miles above St. Louis, a beautiful subject for a landscape.
390. View on Upper Missouri—View in the "Big Bend," 1900 miles above St. Louis; showing the manner in which the conical bluffs on that river are formed; table lands in distance, rising several hundred feet above the summit level of the Prairie.
391. View on Upper Missouri—View in the Big Bend—magnificent Clay Bluffs, with high table land in the distance.

392. View on Upper Missouri—Back view of the Mandan Village, showing their mode of depositing their dead, on scaffolds, enveloped in skins, and of preserving and feeding the skulls; 1800 miles above St. Louis. Women feeding the skulls of their relatives with dishes of meat.
393. View on Upper Missouri—Prairie Bluffs, 1100 miles above St. Louis.
394. View on Upper Missouri—"The Three Domes," 15 miles above Mandans. A singular group of Clay Bluffs, like immense domes, with skylights.
395. View on Upper Missouri—The "Square Hills," 1200 miles above St. Louis.
396. View on Upper Missouri—river Bluffs and white Wolves in the foreground.
397. View on Upper Missouri—Beautiful Prairie Bluffs, above the Puncachs, 1050 miles above St. Louis.
398. View on Upper Missouri—Look from Floyd's Grave, 1300 miles above St. Louis.
399. View on Upper Missouri—River Bluffs, 1320 miles above St. Louis.
400. View on Upper Missouri—Buffalo herds crossing the river. Bâtiste, Bogard, and I, passing them in our bark canoe, with some danger to our lives. A buffalo scene in their *running season*.
401. View on Upper Missouri—Clay Bluffs, 20 miles above the Mandans.
402. View on Upper Missouri—Nishnabottana Bluffs.
403. View on Upper Missouri—Indians encamping at sunset.

SPORTING SCENES.

404. Buffalo Bull, grazing on the Prairie in his native state.
405. Buffalo Cow, grazing on the Prairie in her native state.
406. Wounded Buffalo, strewing his blood over the Prairies.
407. Dying Buffalo, shot with an arrow, sinking down on his haunches.
408. Buffalo Chase—single death; an Indian just drawing his arrow to its head.
409. Buffalo Chase—surround; where I saw 300 killed in a few minutes by the Minatarrees, with arrows and lances only.

- 410. Buffalo Chase—numerous group; chasing with bows and lances.
- 411. Buffalo Chase—numerous group; chasing with bows and lances.
- 412. Buffalo Chase—Cow and Calf; the bull protecting by attacking the assailants.
- 413. Buffalo Chase—Bulls making battle with men and horses.
- 414. Buffalo Hunt under the Wolf-skin mask.
- 415. Buffalo Chase, Mouth of Yellow Stone; animals dying on the ground passed over; and my man Bâtiste swamped in crossing a creek.
- 416. Buffalo Chase in snow drift, with snow shoes.
- 417. Buffalo Chase in snow drift, with snow shoes; killing them for their robes, in great numbers.
- 418. Attack of the Bear (Grizzly); Indians attacking with lances on horseback.
- 419. Antelope Shooting—decoyed up.
- 420. Sioux taking Musk-rats, near the St. Peter's; killing them with spears. Women and dogs encamped.
- 421. Ba'tiste and I, running buffalo; Mouth of Yellow Stone; a frog's leap.
- 422. "My turn now;" Bâtiste and I, and a buffalo bull, Upper Missouri.
- 423. Dying Bull in a snow drift.
- 424. Buffalo Bulls fighting, in *running season*, Upper Missouri.
- 425. Buffalo Bulls in their "*wallow*;" origin of the "*fairie circles*" on the Prairie.
- 426. Grouse shooting—on the Missouri Prairies.

AMUSEMENTS AND CUSTOMS.

- 427. Ball-play Dance, Choctaw—Men and women dance around their respective stakes, at intervals during the night preceding the play—four conjurors sit all night and smoke to the Great Spirit, at the point where the ball is to be started—and stakeholders guard the goods staked.
- 428. Ball-play of the Choctaws—*ball up*—one party painted white; each has two sticks with a web at their ends, in which they catch the

ball and throw it—they all have tails of horse-hair or quills attached to their girdles or belts.

Each party has a limit or bye, beyond which it is their object to force the ball which, if done, counts them one for game.

429. Ball-play—same as 428, excepting that the ball is *down*, which changes the scene.

430. Ball-play of the women, Prairie du Chien—calicoes and other presents are placed on a pole by the men—the women choose sides and play for them, to the great amusement of the men.

In this play there are two balls attached to the ends of a string, eighteen inches in length—the women have a stick in each hand, on which they catch the string and throw it.

431. Game of “*Tchung-kee*” of the Mandans, the principal and most valued game of that tribe.

A beautiful athletic exercise, and one on which they often bet and risk all their personal goods and chattels.

432. Horse Racing, Mandan, on a Race Course back of the Village, in use on every fair-day.

433. Foot Race, Mandans, on the same ground, and as often run.

434. Canoe Race—Chippeways in Bark Canoes, near the Sault de St. Mary's ; an Indian *Regatta*, a thrilling scene.

435. Archery of the Mandans.

The strife is, to prove who can get the greatest number of arrows flying in the air at a time, before the first one reaches the ground. The most of these are *portraits* closely studied from nature ; I have seen some of them get eight arrows in the air at one time.

436. Dance of the Chiefs, Sioux.

A very unusual thing, as the dancing is generally left to the young men ; given to me expressly as a compliment, by the chiefs, that I might make a painting of it.

437. Dog Dance, Sioux.

The dog's liver and heart are taken raw and bleeding, and placed upon a crotch ; and being cut into slips, each man dances up to it, bites off and swallows a piece of it, boasting, at the same time, that he has thus swallowed a piece of the heart of his enemy, whom he has slain in battle.

438. Scalp Dance, Sioux—women in the centre, holding the scalps on poles, and warriors dancing around, brandishing their war-weapons in the most frightful manner, and yelping as loud as they can scream.

439. **Begging Dance**, Sacs and Foxes, danced for the purpose of getting presents from the spectators.

440. **Buffalo Dance**, Mandans, with the Mask of the Buffalo on.

Danced to make buffalo come, when they are like to starve for want of food. Song to the Great Spirit, imploring him to send them buffalo, and they will cook the best of it for him.

441. **Ball-play Dance**, Choctaws.

442. **Dance to the Berdash**, Sac and Fox.

An unaccountable and ludicrous custom amongst the Sacs and Foxes, which admits not of an entire explanation.

443. **Beggar's Dance**, (Sioux,) for presents.

444. **Dance to the Medicine Bag of the Brave**, Sacs and Foxes.

Warriors returned from battle, with scalps, dance in front of the widow's lodge, whose husband has been killed. They sing to his medicine-bag, which is hung on a bush, and throw presents to the widow.

445. **Brave's Dance**, Boasting, &c. Sioux.

446. **Green Corn Dance**, Minnatarree—Sacrificing the First Kettle to the Great Spirit.

Four medicine men, whose bodies are painted with white clay, dance around the kettle until the corn is well boiled; and they then burn it to cinders, as an offering to the Great Spirit. The fire is then destroyed, and *new fire* created by rubbing two sticks together, with which the corn for their own feast is cooked.

447. **Bear Dance**, Sioux—Preparing for a Bear Hunt—Song to the Great Spirit, praying for success.

448. **Discovery Dance**, Sacs and Foxes—A Pantomime; pretending to discover Game, or an Enemy.

A very picturesque and pleasing dance.

449. **Eagle Dance**, Choctaw—holding the eagle's tail in the hand, and bodies painted white.

Given in honour of that valiant bird.

450. **Slave Dance**, Sacs and Foxes.

A society of young men, who volunteer to be slaves for two years, and elect their chief or master; they are then exempt from slavish duties during the remainder of their lives, and are allowed to go on war parties.

451. **Snow-shoe Dance**, Ojibbeway—danced at the first fall of snow, with snow shoes on the feet.

Song of thanks to the Great Spirit.

452. **Brave's Dance, Ojibbeway**—bragging and boasting.

453. **Pipe Dance, Assineboins.**

Each dancer is "*smoked*" by the chief, who sits smoking his pipe, and then *pulled* up into the dance.

454. **Straw Dance, Sioux.**

Children made to dance with burning straws tied to their bodies, to make them tough and brave.

455. **Sham Fight, Mandan Boys**—school of practice every morning at sunrise, back of the village—instructed in it by the chiefs and braves.

456. **Sham Scalp Dance, by the Mandan Boys**—danced in the village when they come in, in honour of a sham victory.

457. **War Dance of the Sioux.**

Each warrior, in turn, jumps through the fire, and then advances, shouting and boasting, and taking his oath, as he "*strikes the reddened post.*"

458. **Foot War Party in Council, Mandan.**

Stopping to rest and take a smoke; chief with a war-eagle head-dress on; their shields and weapons lying on the ground behind them.

459. **Camanchee War Party**—the Chief discovering the enemy and urging on his men, at sunrise.

460. **Religious Ceremony; a Sioux**, with splints through his flesh, and his body hanging to a pole, with his medicine bag in his hand, looks at the sun from its rising to its setting.

A voluntary cruel self-torture, which entitles him to great respect for the remainder of his life, as a *medicine* or *mystery* man.

461. **Dragoons on the March, and a Band of Buffalo breaking through their Ranks, in Texas, 1835.**

462. **Prairie Dog Village.**

Myriads of these curious little animals sometimes are found in one village, which will extend several miles. The animals are about twice the size of a rat, and not unlike it in appearance and many of their habits. They dig holes in the ground, and the dirt which is thrown up makes a little mound, on which they sit and bark, when danger approaches. They feed upon the grass, which is their only food.

463. **"Smoking Horses,"** a curious custom of the Sacs and Foxes.

Foxes, going to war, come to the Sacs to beg for horses; they sit in a circle and smoke, and the young men ride around them, and cut their shoulders with their whips until the blood runs, then dismount and present a horse.

464. Mandans attacking a party of Riccarees, whom they had driven into a ravine, near the Mandan village, where they killed the whole number.
465. Chippeways making the portage around the Falls of St. Anthony, with two hundred bark canoes, in 1835.

466. Camanchees moving, and Dog Fight—dogs as well as horses drag the lodge poles with packs upon them.

These fights generally begin with the dogs, and end in desperate battles amongst the squaws, to the great amusement of the men.

467. White Wolves attacking a Buffalo Bull.

468. Ditto ditto a parley.

469. *My horse "Charley" and I*, at sunrise near the Neosho, on an extensive prairie, encamping on the grass; my saddle for a pillow, two buffalo skins for my bed, my gun in my arms; a coffee pot and tin cup, a fire made of buffalo dung, and Charley (a Camanchee clay-bank mustang) picketed near me.

With him alone, I crossed the prairie, from Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas, to St. Louis, 550 miles.

470. *Sioux, worshipping at the Red Boulders.* A large boulder and two small ones, bearing some resemblance to a buffalo cow and two calves, painted red by the Indians, and regarded by them with superstitious reverence, near the "Coteau des Prairies."

471. *Camanchee Warrior, lancing an Osage*, at full speed.

472. *Camanchees, giving the arrows to the Medicine Rock.*

A curious superstition of the Camanchees: going to war; they have no faith in their success, unless they pass a celebrated painted rock, where they appease the spirit of war (who resides there), by riding by it at full gallop, and sacrificing their best arrow by throwing it against the side of the ledge.

473. *"Bâtiste, Bogard, and I," approaching Buffalo*, on the Missouri.

474. *Wi-jun-jon, (an Assinnebon Chief,) going to and returning from Washington.*

This man was taken to that city in 1832, in a beautiful Indian dress, by Major Sanford, the Indian Agent, and returned to his country the next spring, in a Colonel's uniform. He lectured a while to his people on the customs of the whites, when he was denounced by them for telling lies, which he had learned of the whites, and was, by his own people, put to death, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone.

475. *"Butte de Mort," Upper Missouri*, a great burial place of the Sioux, called by the French "*Butte de Mort*," Hill of Death.

Regarded by the Indians with great dread, and superstition. There are several thousand buffalo and human skulls, perfectly bleached and curiously arranged about it.

476. "*Rain-making*," amongst the Mandans, a very curious custom. Medicine men performing their mysteries inside of the lodge, and young men volunteer to stand upon the lodge from sunrise until sundown, in turn, commanding it to rain.

Each one has to hazard the disgrace which attaches (when he descends at sundown,) to a fruitless attempt; and he who succeeds acquires a lasting reputation as a *Mystery or Medicine man*. *They never fail to make it rain!* as this ceremony continues from day to day, until rain comes.

477. "*Smoking the Shield*." A young warrior, making his shield, invites his friends to a carouse and a feast, who dance around his shield as it is smoking and hardening over a fire built in the ground.

478. "*The Thunder's Nest*," (Nid du Tonnerre) and a party of Indians cautiously approaching it, Coteau des Prairies.

Tradition of the Sioux is that in this little bunch of bushes, the thunders are hatched out by quite a small bird, about as large (say their *Medicine men*, who profess to have seen it,) as the end of a man's thumb. She sits on her eggs, and they hatch out in claps of thunder. No one approaches within several rods of the place.

479. *Sac and Fox Indians sailing in canoes*, by holding up their blankets.

480. *Grand Tournament of the Camanchees*, and a Sham Fight in a large encampment, on the borders of Texas.

481. *Bogard, Bâtiste, and I*, travelling through a Missouri bottom, grass ten feet high.

482. *Band of Sioux*, moving.

483. *Bogard, Bâtiste, and I*, descending the Missouri River.

484. *Bogard, Bâtiste, and I*, eating our breakfast on a pile of drift wood, Upper Missouri.

485. *Medicine Buffalo*, of the Sioux, the figure of a buffalo cut out of the turf on the prairie, and visited by the Indians going on a Buffalo hunt.

486. *Bogard, Bâtiste, and I*, chasing a herd of buffalo in high grass, on a Missouri bottom.

487. Feats of Horsemanship.

Camanchees throwing themselves on the side of their horses, while at full speed, to evade their enemies' arrows—a most wonderful feat.

488. Camanchee War Party meeting the Dragoons; and one of their bravest men advancing to shake hands with Col. Dodge, with a piece of white buffalo skin on the point of his lance. On the Mexican frontier, 1835.

489. An Indian Wedding, Assinneboin—young man making presents to the father of the girl.

490. Crow at his Toilette, oiling his long hair with bear's grease.

491. Crow Lodge, of twenty-five Buffalo Skins, beautifully ornamented.

This splendid lodge, with all its poles and furniture, was brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

492. Pawnee Lodge, thatched with Prairie Grass, in form of a Straw Beehive.

493. Camanchee Lodge, of Buffalo Skins.

494. Dog Feast, Sioux, a Religious Feast.

Given to Mr. Sanford (Indian agent), Mr. Chouteau, Mr. M'Kenzie, and myself, in a Sioux village, 1,400 miles above St. Louis, 1833: the only food was dog's meat, and this is the highest honour they can confer on a stranger.

495. An Indian Council, Sioux—Chiefs in profound deliberation.

496. Camanchee War Party, mounted on Wild Horses, armed with shields, bows, and lances.

497. Scalping, Sioux, showing the mode of taking the scalp.

498. Scalping, Mandans—"Conqueror Conquered."

From a story of the Mandans—took place in front of the Mandan village.

499. Wild Horses at Play, Texas, of all colours, like a kennel of hounds.

500. Throwing the Laso, with a noose, which falls over the horse's neck.

501. Breaking down the Wild Horse, with hobbles on his fore feet, and the laso around his under jaw.

502. A *Bird's-Eye View* of the *Mandan Village*, 1800 miles above St. Louis, on the west bank of the Missouri River.

The lodges are covered with earth, and so compactly fixed by long use, that men, women, and children, recline and play upon their tops in pleasant weather.

These Lodges vary in size, from forty to fifty feet in diameter, and are all of a circular form. The village is protected in front by the river, with a bank forty feet high, and on the back part, by a piquet of timber set firmly in the ground. Back of the village, on the prairie, are seen the scaffolds on which their dead bodies are laid, to decay, being wrapped in several skins of buffalo, and tightly bandaged.

In the middle of the village is an open area of 150 feet in diameter, in which their public games and festivals are held. In the centre of that, is their "Big Canoe," a curb made of planks, which is an object of religious veneration. Over the Medicine (or mystery) Lodge, are seen hanging on the tops of poles several sacrifices to the Great Spirit of blue and black cloths, which have been bought at great prices, and there left to hang and decay.

503. *The Interior of a Mandan Lodge*, showing the manner in which it is constructed of poles, and covered with dirt. The Chief is seen smoking his pipe, and his family grouped around him.

At the head of each warrior's bed is seen a post, with his ornaments hanging on it, and also his *buffalo mask*, which every man *keeps to dance* the buffalo dance. Some of these Lodges contain thirty or forty persons, and the beds are seen extending around the side of the Lodge, all with *sacking bottoms*, made of a buffalo skin, and the frames of the beds covered with dressed skins.

Reader, the hospitable and friendly Mandans, who were about 2000 in number when I was amongst them and painted these pictures, have recently been destroyed by the smallpox. It is a melancholy fact, that only thirty-one were left of the number, and these have been destroyed by their enemy, so that their tribe is extinct, and they hold nowhere an existence on earth.

Nearly twenty of their portraits can be seen on the walls, and several other paintings of their games and amusements. See "*Notes on their Manners and Customs*," just published.

MANDAN RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

FOUR PAINTINGS IN GILT FRAMES. (BEGIN WITH NO. 504, ON THE LEFT.)

CERTIFICATE.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE MANDANS.

"We hereby certify that we witnessed, in company with Mr. Catlin, in the Mandan Village, the ceremonies represented in the four paintings to which this certificate refers, and that he has therein faithfully represented those scenes as we saw them transacted, without any addition or exaggeration.

"J. KIP, *Agent Amer. Fur Company.*
L. CRAWFORD, *Clerk.*
ABRAHAM BOGARD."

"Mandan Village; July 20th, 1833.

504. *Interior View of the Medicine (or Mystery) Lodge of Mandans*, during the first three days of an *Annual Ceremony*.

This ceremony continues four days and nights in succession, in commemoration of the subsiding of the *Flood*; and also for the purpose of conducting all the young men, as they arrive at manhood, through an ordeal of *voluntary torture*, which, when endured, entitles them to the respect of the chiefs, and also to the privileges of going on war parties, and gaining reputation in war. The floor and sides of the Lodge are ornamented with green willow boughs. The young men who are to do penance, by being tortured, are seen lying around the sides of the Lodge, their bodies covered with clay of different colours, and their respective shields

and weapons hanging over their heads. In the middle of the Lodge lies the old *medicine man*, who has charge of the Lodge; he cries to the Great Spirit all the time, and watches these young men who are here to fast and thirst for four days and nights, preparatory to the torture. Behind him, on the floor, is seen a scalping knife and a bunch of splints, which are to be passed through the flesh, and over their heads are seen also the cords let down from the top of the Lodge, with which they are to be hung up by the flesh.

On the ground, and in front of the picture, are four sacks (containing several gallons each, of water), made of the skin of the buffalo's neck, in form of a large tortoise, lying on its back. These are objects of veneration, and have the appearance of great antiquity.

By the side of them are two *she-she-quoi*, or rattles, which are used, as well as the others, as a part of the music for the dance in the next picture.

505. This picture, which is a continuation of the ceremonies, is a representation of the Buffalo Dance, which they call *Bel-lohck-nah-pick* (the Bull Dance).

To the strict observance of which, they attribute the coming of Buffalo to supply them with food during the season. This scene is exceedingly grotesque, and takes place several times in each day, outside of the Lodge, and around the curb or "Big Canoe," whilst the young men still remain in the Lodge, as seen in the other picture: for this Dance, however, the four sacks of water are brought out and beat upon, and the old medicine man comes out and leans against the Big Canoe with his medicine pipe in his hand, and cries. The principal actors in this scene are eight men dancing the Buffalo Dance, with the skins of buffalo on them and a bunch of green willows on their backs. There are many other figures whose offices are very curious and interesting, but which must be left for my *lectures* or *notes* to describe. The black figure on the left, they call O-kee-hee-de (the Evil Spirit), who enters the village from the prairie, alarming the women, who cry for assistance, and are relieved by the old medicine man, and the Evil Spirit is at length disarmed of his lance, which is broken by the women, and he is driven by them, in disgrace, out of the village. The whole nation are present on this occasion, as spectators and actors in these strange scenes.

506. Represents what they call *Pohk-hong*, (the Cutting Scene.) It shows the inside of the Medicine Lodge, the same as is seen in the first picture (505).

This is on the fourth day of the ceremonies, in the afternoon. A number of the young men are seen reclining and fasting, as in the first picture; others of them have been operated upon by the tortures, and taken out of the Lodge, and others yet are seen in the midst of those horrid cruelties. One is seen smiling, whilst the knife and the splints are passing through his flesh. One is seen hanging by the splints run through the flesh on his shoulders, and drawn up by men on the top of the Lodge; another is seen hung up by the pectoral muscles, with four buffalo skulls attached to splints

through the flesh on his arms and legs, and each is turned round by another, with a pole, until he faints, and then he is let down. One is seen as he is lowered to the ground, and another who has been let down and got strength enough to crawl to the front part of the Lodge where he is offering to the Great Spirit the little finger of the left hand, by laying it on a buffalo skull, where another chops it off with a hatchet. In the right of the picture are all the chiefs and dignitaries of the tribe, looking on.

507. Represents what they call the "Last Race."

After they have all been tortured in the Lodge in the above manner, they are led out of it, with the weights, Buffalo skulls, &c., hanging to their flesh: around the "Big Canoe" is a circle of young men formed, who hold a wreath of willow boughs between them, and run around with all possible violence, yelling as loud as they can.

The young fellows who have been tortured are then led forward, and each one has two athletic and fresh young men, (their bodies singularly painted), who step up to him, one on each side, and take him by a leathern strap, tied around the wrist, and run around, outside of the other circle, with all possible speed, forcing him forward till he faints, and then drag him with his face in the dirt until the weights are all disengaged from him, by tearing the flesh out; when they drop him, and he lies (to all appearance a *corpse*), until the Great Spirit gives him strength to rise and walk home to his lodge.

In this scene also, the *medicine man* leans against the "Big Canoe" and cries, and all the nation are spectators. Many pages would be required to give to the world a just description of these strange scenes; and they require to be described minutely in all their parts, in order to be fully appreciated and understood. (A full account of these in my *Notes and Lectures*.)

INDIAN CURIOSITIES AND MANUFACTURES.

Amongst a very great collection of them, a few of the most remarkable are,

A CROW LODGE, OR WIGWAM.

A very splendid thing, brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains,—twenty-five feet in height—made of Buffalo skins, garnished and painted. The poles (thirty in number) of pine, cut in the Rocky Mountains, have been long in use, were purchased with the Lodge, and brought the whole distance. This *Wigwam* stands in the middle of the Gallery, and will shelter 80 or more persons.

Indian Cradles, for carrying their papposes.—*Lances*, *Calumets* or *Pipes of Peace*—*Ordinary Pipes*, *Tomahawks*, *Scalping Knives*, and *Scalps*.

A very great and valuable collection of *Men and Women's Dresses* from the different tribes, garnished and fringed with scalp-locks from their enemies' heads, *Bows*, *Quivers*, *Spears*, *Shields*, *War-Eagle and Raven Head Dresses*, *Necklaces*, *Moccasins*, *Belts*, *Pouches*, *War Clubs*, *Robes*, *Mantles*, *Tobacco-Sacks*, *Wampums*, *Whistles*, *Rattles*, *Drums*, &c. &c.

Amongst the very extensive collection of Indian curiosities, &c., too numerous to be described in the Catalogue, there are Skulls from different tribes, of very great interest; and particularly several from the *Flat-heads*,—showing perfectly this unaccountable custom, and also the Flat-head cradles, illustrating the process by which these artificial distortions are produced.

Indian Cloths, Robes, &c., manufactured by the Indians from the mountain sheep's wool, and from wild dogs' hair, beautifully spun, coloured, and woven.

Indian Saddles, Indian Masks for their mystery dances, &c. &c.

OPINIONS OF THE ENGLISH AND UNITED STATES PRESS, ON

CATLIN'S

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY.

THE following are but a few of the very numerous eulogiums which the Press have passed upon the merits of this Collection, both in England and the United States, where it has been exhibited.

LONDON PRESS.

THE TIMES.

Mr. Catlin's North American Indian Gallery.—A very curious exhibition is opened in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It consists of above 500 portraits, landscapes, views of combats, religious ceremonies, costumes, and many other things illustrative of the manners and customs, and modes of living and of battle, &c. of the different tribes of North American Indians. Some of these pictures are exceedingly interesting, and form a vast field for the researches of the antiquary, the naturalist, and the philosopher. The numerous portraits are full of character; they exhibit an almost endless variety of feature, though all bearing a generical resemblance to each other. The views of combats are very full of spirit, and exhibit modes of warfare and destruction horribly illustrative of savage life. The method of attacking buffaloes and other monsters of the plains and forests are all interesting; the puny process of a fox chase sinks into insignificance when compared with the tremendous excitement occasioned by the grappling of a bear or the butting of a bison. These scenes are all accurately depicted, not in the finished style of modern art, but with a vigour and fidelity of outline which arises from the painter having actually beheld what he transmits to canvass. The most curious portion of this exhibition is, however, the representations of the horrible religious ceremonies of several of the Indian tribes, and the probationary trials of those who aspire to be the leaders amongst them. These representations disclose the most abhorrent and execrable cruelties. They show to what atrocities human nature can arrive where the presence of religious knowledge is not interposed to prevent its career. The exhibition also contains tents, weapons, dresses, &c. of the various tribes visited by Mr. Catlin. These are curious, but of secondary importance. The catalogue, which is to be had at the exhibition room, is a very interesting *brochure*, and will afford a great deal of novel but important information.

THE SPECTATOR.

CATLIN'S Indian Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, is a museum of the various tribes of North American Indians.

Mr. Catlin is an enterprising American artist, who has

devoted eight years to the delineation of scenes and persons, and the collection of objects to form a permanent record of the characteristic features and customs of the different tribes of Indians in North America, now fast becoming extinct by the combined operation of smallpox, spirit-drinking, and war.

The walls of a room 106 feet in length are entirely covered with portraits of Indian men, women, and children, in their respective costumes, some small whole-lengths, others busts the life size, to the number of 310; and 200 views of landscape scenery, native villages, games, customs, and hunting-scenes, all painted on the spot. Besides the pictures, the dresses worn by several tribes, and a numerous collection of weapons, pipes, ornaments, &c. are arranged round the room; and in the centre is set up a wigwam of the "Crow" tribe, a conical tent twenty-five feet high, made of buffalo skins, dressed and painted, supported by thirty poles meeting at the top, and capable of sheltering eighty persons.

To attempt anything like a detailed description of the contents of such a museum would require a volume; to characterize it generally in our limited space is difficult. It would require hours of attentive study to become fully acquainted with the multifarious articles. The several tribes are distinguished in the catalogue: the dresses are all so fantastic, and the physiognomies so varied, that it would be difficult to class them.

The dances and other amusements appear anything but gamesome; and the religious ceremonies of the Mandans, of which there are four scenes, are horrible in the extreme. It is their annual custom to assemble the young men in the "Medicine," or "Mystery" Lodge—the medicine-men are a sort of mixture of the doctor, priest, and sorcerer—and after being starved for four days and nights, they are tortured in the most cruel manner to test their powers of endurance. The animal character, sharpened and sometimes ennobled by the influence of moral qualities, is strongly expressed in all the heads.

The scenery on the Missouri and Mississippi is remarkable for the mixture of beauty and desolation, and an appearance of cultivation in the wildest parts. Mr. Catlin's views bear the impress of fidelity that belongs to pictures painted on the spot; and their freshness and characteristic spirit more than atone for any defects of execution. The scenes of buffalo-hunting are full of movement and

energy; and the groups of Indians are sketched with so much life and action, that the scene appears to pass before you. Numerous certificates attest the accuracy of the portraits and views. The robes and the tent covering exhibit some curious specimens of the pictorial skill of the Indians, which reminds one of the Egyptian and Mexican paintings; the outline being strongly defined, and with attention to the characteristic points. The dresses are very tastefully decorated with beads, feathers, and skins; and the pipes, war-clubs, lances, bows, quivers, and shields are profusely ornamented: the cradles are really beautiful.

Mr. Catlin is about to publish an account of his expedition, in which the various objects in his museum will be more fully explained than in the catalogue; previously to which he intends giving a sort of lecture in the room descriptive of the people. In the mean time, a visit to this "Indian gallery" will give a more lively and distinct idea of the aborigines of North America than a whole course of reading.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery, Egyptian Hall.—We have now to announce the opening of this exhibition, from visits to which every class of the community, old as well as young, will reap much instruction and gratification. Having recently described, from an American journal, Mr. Catlin's seven or eight years' sojourn among the red races of North America, we need now only say that his representation of them, their country, their costumes, their sports, their religious ceremonies, and in short their manners and customs, so as to enable us to form a complete idea of them, is deserving of the utmost praise. There are above 500 subjects in these spacious rooms, from a wigwam to a child's rattle; and everything belonging to the various Indian tribes are before the spectator in their actual condition and integrity. There are, besides, a multitude of portraits of the leading warriors, &c. &c., and other pictures of dances, ball-play, ambuscading, fighting; and the whole supplying by far the most ample and accurate history of them that has ever been published to the world. No book of travels can approach these realities; and after all we have read of the red men we confess we are astonished at the many new and important points connected with them which this Gallery impressed upon us. We saw more distinctly the links of resemblance between them and other early and distant people; and we had comparisons suggested of a multitude of matters affecting the progress of mankind all over the earth, and alike illustrated by similitudes and dissimilitudes. Indeed the philosophical enquirer will be delighted with this exhibition, whilst the curious child of seven years of age will enjoy it with present amusement and lasting instruction.

THE GLOBE AND TRAVELLER.

Indian Knowledge of English Affairs.—Mr. Catlin, in one of his lectures on the manners and customs of the

North American Indians, during the last week, related a very curious occurrence, which excited a great deal of surprise and some considerable mirth amongst his highly respectable and numerous audience. Whilst speaking of the great and warlike tribe of Sioux or Dahcotas, of 40,000 or 50,000, he stated that many of this tribe, as well as of several others, although living entirely in the territory of the United States, and several hundred miles south of her Majesty's possessions, were found cherishing a lasting friendship for the English, whom they denominate Saganosh. And in very many instances they are to be seen wearing about their necks large silver medals, with the portrait of George III. in bold relief upon them. These medals were given to them as badges of merit during the last war with the United States, when these warriors were employed in the British service.

The lecturer said that whenever the word Saganosh was used, it seemed to rouse them at once; that on several occasions when Englishmen had been in his company as fellow-travellers, they had marked attentions paid them by these Indians as Saganoshes. And on one occasion, in one of his last rambles in that country, where he had painted several portraits in a small village of Dahcotas, the chief of the band positively refused to sit, alleging as his objection that the pale faces, who were not to be trusted, might do some injury to his portrait, and his health or his life might be affected by it. The painter, as he was about to saddle his horse for his departure, told the Indian that he was a Saganosh, and was going across the Big Salt Lake, and was very sorry that he could not carry the picture of so distinguished a man. At this intelligence the Indian advanced, and after a hearty grip of the hand, very carefully and deliberately withdrew from his bosom, and next to his naked breast, a large silver medal, and turning his face to the painter, pronounced with great vehemence and emphasis the word Sag-a-nosh! The artist, supposing that he had thus gained his point with the Indian Sagamore, was making preparation to proceed with his work, when the Indian still firmly denied him the privilege—holding up the face of his Majesty (which had got a superlative brightness by having been worn for years against his naked breast), he made this singular and significant speech:—"When you cross the Big Salt Lake, tell my Great Father that you saw his face, and it was bright!" To this the painter replied, "I can never see your Great Father, he is dead!" The poor Indian recoiled in silence, and returning his medal to his bosom, entered his wigwam, at a few paces distant, where he seated himself amidst his family around his fire, and deliberately lighting his pipe, passed it around in silence.

When it was smoked out he told them the news he had heard, and in a few moments returned to the traveller again, who was preparing with his party to mount their horses, and enquired whether the Saganoshes had no chief. The artist replied in the affirmative, saying that the present chief of the Saganoshes is a young and very beautiful woman. The Sagamore expressed great surprise and some incredulity at this unaccountable information; and being fully assured by the companions of the artist that his assertion was true, the Indian returned again quite hastily to his presence, lit and smoked another pipe, and then communicated the intelligence to them, to their great surprise

and amusement; after which he walked out to the party about to start off, and advancing to the painter (or Great Medicine, as they called him) with a sarcastic smile on his face, in due form, and with much grace and effect, he carefully withdrew again from his bosom the polished silver medal, and turning the face of it to the painter, said, "Tell my Great Mother that you saw our Great Father, and that we keep his face bright!"

THE GLOBE AND TRAVELLER.

North American Indians.—An exhibition has been opened consisting of portraits, landscapes, costumes, implements of war, articles of commerce, and a variety of curiosities illustrating the manners, habits, and customs of forty-eight different tribes of the North American Indians. The collection, which must prove highly interesting to all who take an interest in the various modes of life existing among our fellow-creatures in the different states and stages of savage life, or comparative civilization, consists of 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different Indian tribes; and 200 other paintings descriptive of Indian countries, villages, sports, and pastimes; the whole of which were painted by Mr. Catlin, during a residence of eight years among the different tribes. An additional interest is given to the paintings by the various implements used by the natives, such as bows, arrows, tomahawks, and scalping-knives. There are even human scalps which illustrate one of the paintings representing the scalp dance, in which the victors of one tribe exhibit, in one of their war dances, the scalps of another whom they have vanquished. Among the most spirited of the paintings, as works of art, may be enumerated those of the voluntarily inflicted torments, to which some of the tribes subject themselves, as proofs of their courage; those of the buffalo hunts, buffalo fights, and of the prairies, which are all highly characteristic productions. In speaking of the different items of interest in this exhibition, Mr. Catlin and the cicerone should not be forgotten, as they amuse the visitors with many of those interesting personal anecdotes which travellers always abound in.

THE ATHENÆUM.

The Indian Gallery.—This is the collection mentioned heretofore by our American correspondent (No. 609); and a most interesting one it is. It contains more than 300 portraits of distinguished Indians, men and women of different tribes, all painted from life, and in many instances the identical dress, weapons, &c. are exhibited which they wore when their portraits were taken; and 200 other paintings, representing Indian customs, games, hunting-scenes, religious ceremonies, dances, villages, and said to contain above 3000 figures: in brief, it is a pictorial history of this interesting and fast perishing race. It includes, too, a series of views of the Indian country; and we have seen nothing more curious than some of the scenes on the Upper Missouri and Mississippi, the general accuracy of which is beyond question. Mr. Catlin has spent seven years in wandering among the various tribes, for

the sole purpose of perfecting this collection. As he observes "it has been gathered, and every painting has been made from nature, by my own hand; and that, too, when I have been paddling my canoe or leading my pack-horse over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of life. The world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to receive and estimate them as they have been intended, as true and fac-simile traces of individual and historical facts, and forgive me for their present unfinished and unstudied condition as works of art."

The value of this collection is increased by the fact that the red men are fast perishing, and will probably, before many years have passed, be an extinct race. If proof of this were wanting we have it in the facts recorded in the catalogue of the devastation which the smallpox has lately spread among them. Of one tribe, the hospitable and friendly Mandans, as Mr. Catlin calls them, 2000 in number when he visited them and painted their pictures, living in two permanent villages on the Missouri, 1800 miles above its junction with the Mississippi, not one now exists! In 1837, the smallpox broke out among them, and only thirty-five were left alive; these were subsequently destroyed by a hostile tribe, which took possession of their villages, and thus, within a few months, the race became extinct—not a human being is believed to have escaped.

THE JOHN BULL.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—Mr. Catlin is an American artist, who, after eight years' toilsome travel, during which he visited forty-eight tribes of the aborigines of his native land, and traversed many thousands of miles, appearing to have crossed in nearly every direction the vast plains which lie between the semi-civilized border and the Rocky Mountains, has succeeded in forming a collection which he truly terms "unique," and which ought to be so secured by the purchase of some government or other as to be rendered what he fondly calls it, "imperishable." He thus explains the motives which induced him to undertake this labour:—"Having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians, and seeing also the vast importance and value which a full pictorial history of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages, I set out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a gallery, unique and imperishable, for the use and benefit of future ages."

A proof of the utility of his undertaking is the fact that one of the most singularly interesting tribes which he visited, the Mandans, who numbered 2000 souls in 1834, have been since wholly destroyed, not a remnant of their race left, name, and line, and language utterly extinct. Of the other tribes, too, many thousands have perished since the period of his visit, by the smallpox, which deadly disease sweeps them off by wholesale, by the ardent spirits, still deadlier, introduced among them by

the traders and by war. The red man seems doomed to inevitable destruction; and despite the philanthropist, no long period of time, it is to be feared, will elapse before he will exist only by the aid of the "brush and pen."

Mr. Catlin has made 310 portraits of distinguished individuals of the various tribes, and 200 other paintings illustrative of their manners, games, religious and other customs, as well as portraying some of the most remarkable scenery of the prairies and wilderness. They are roughly executed, but are the more valuable as being evidently faithful transcripts from the life. They occupy the entire of the large room of the Egyptian Hall, covering the walls on either side, whilst in the centre a long table is covered with Indian habiliments and weapons, which likewise hang with bears' and other skins in profusion from the ceiling, whilst the whole is crowned by a wigwam, a veritable wigwam, brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Will or can any one with a spark of curiosity, not to name enthusiasm, in his composition, begrudge a shilling for the sight?

THE MORNING POST.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—This is a very extraordinary collection, consisting of an immense number of portraits, landscapes, costumes, and representations of the manners and customs of the North American Indians, among whom the artist-collector travelled for eight years, extending his researches through forty-eight tribes, the majority of whom speak different languages. The long room on the ground-floor of the Egyptian Hall is covered from the roof to the floor, and nearly the floor itself, by some thousands of specimens, real as well as pictorial, of these interesting races, many of whom are now, alas! nearly extinguished, under the civilizing influences of fire-water, smallpox, and the exterminating policy of the government of the United States, in which treachery has recently played a counter-part to the most gratuitous despotism. "I have seen them in their own villages," says Mr. Catlin, "have carried my canvass and colours the whole way, and painted my portraits, &c. from the life, as they now stand and are seen in the gallery."

The collection contains 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different tribes in the British, United States, and Mexican territories; and 200 other paintings descriptive of river, mountain, forest, and prairie scenes; the village games, festivals, and peculiar customs and superstitions of the natives, exhibiting in all above 3000 figures; all, Mr. Catlin assures us, were taken from nature, and all by his own hand! a truly Herculean undertaking, and evidently sustained by an enthusiastic spirit, as well as a share of unconquerable perseverance such as falls to the lot of few artists in any country to boast of.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

The Aboriginal Tribes of North America.—A pictorial exhibition of a singularly interesting description has just been opened in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It consists of portraits, landscapes, costumes, and other representa-

tions of the persons, manners, and customs of the North American Indians, painted by Mr. Catlin, an American artist, during eight years' travel amongst their various tribes.

On Monday a numerous assemblage, comprising many distinguished members of the fashionable as well as the literary world, visited this extraordinary collection, and listened with the utmost curiosity and interest to the details and explanations given by Mr. Catlin in illustration of some of its most remarkable objects.

Mr. Catlin modestly apologizes for the unfinished character of his pictures, considered as works of art. They are sketches rapidly and roughly executed, as might be expected from the circumstances under which they were made; but they are freely drawn with a strong tone of colour; and being drawn and coloured immediately from nature, there is a graphic truthfulness about them which places, as it were, the very objects themselves before the eye of the spectator, and fills the imagination with images of these ancient lords of the western continent, now reduced to scattered remnants and fast disappearing from the earth, a thousand times more distinct and vivid than could be produced by volumes of description.

THE MORNING POST.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—This valuable collection of portraits, landscapes, scenes from savage life, weapons, costumes, and an endless variety of illustrations of Indian life, real as well as pictorial, continues to attract crowds of spectators. We are happy to find our prediction fully borne out by fact, that the exhibition only required to be fully made known to the public to be properly appreciated. The most pleasing attention is paid by Mr. Catlin and his assistants to gratify the curiosity of visitors, to point out to notice the peculiarities of the various subjects through which they wander, and to explain everything which strikes the eye and attracts the observer to enquire into its use or meaning. During our visit on Saturday the company were startled by a yell, and shortly afterwards by the appearance of a stately chief of the Crow Indians stalking silently through the room, armed to the teeth and painted to the temples, wrapped up in a buffalo robe, on which all his battles were depicted, and wearing a tasteful coronet of war eagle's quills. This personation was volunteered by the Nephew of Mr. Catlin, who has seen the red man in his native wilds, and presents the most proud and picturesque similitude that can be conceived of the savage warrior. His warwhoop, his warlike appearance and dignified movements seem to impress the assemblage more strikingly with a feeling of the character of the North American Indian than all the other evidences which crowded the walls. Subsequently he appeared in another splendid costume, worn by the braves of the Mandan tribe, also remarkable for its costly and magnificent head-dress, in which we see "the horns of power" assume a conspicuous place. The crowds that gathered around him on each occasion were so dense that Mr. Catlin could scarcely find space to explain the particulars of the costumes; but we are glad to find he is preparing a central stage where all may enjoy a full and fair sight of "the Red Man" as he issues from his wigwam,

clad in the peculiar robe and ornaments of his tribe, to fight, hunt, smoke, or join in the dances, festivals, and amusements peculiar to each nation.

THE BRITANNIA.

Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The suite of apartments composing this unique building has been opened for the exhibition of Catlin's Gallery of North American Indians, which comprises a museum of the various articles used in domestic life and in war by the aborigines who inhabit the Texas and adjoining country. Besides the articles of dress and ornament, the instruments of chase and warfare, the walls of the apartment are hung with a collection of 500 paintings which represent the figures of living Indian chiefs, their battles, festivities, and domestic habits, as well as the scenery of the country in the "far west," and the animals which inhabit it, being a faithful representation of those distant regions.

At the farther end of the room is a wigwam of buffalo hide, pitched in the manner in which the natives arrange it; namely, in the form of a tent, but somewhat more conical. The owner of this interesting exhibition, Mr. Catlin, spent several years among the Pawnee, Sioux, Crow, and other tribes, for the purpose of taking accurate delineations of the noble races of Indians who still wander through the extensive prairies in all their primary freedom and independence. The exhibition will amuse the mere toungeer as much as it will interest the curious and reflecting.

ATLAS.

Catlin's Indian Gallery, Egyptian Hall.—A room 106 feet in length and of proportionate breadth and height, is occupied exclusively with this most interesting exhibition. Its pictorial portion consists of a vast series of portraits of the chiefs, the braves, the medicine-men and squaws of the numerous tribes and nations of Indians—the aborigines of North America. Another lengthened series consists of landscape views of scenery, the rivers, mountains, and prairies—the homes and hunting-grounds of the Red Men. Illustrations of manners and customs, including some of the most curious and valuable portions of the gallery, form a third series of pictures, and these efforts of the pencil extend to upwards of 500. They are not offered as specimens of art, although in that light they are by no means unworthy of attention, but as a pictorial history of nations about to be swept by the tide of civilization from the surface of the earth. As these bold sketches were executed in the wigwam, in the tent, in the steam-boat, in the forest; in the canoe, in storm and sunshine, amid strife and smoke, and every possible variety of interruption and annoyance, their existence is a miracle, and the artist may be proud of the fire and spirit, the truth and energy, yes, and the freedom and power with which he has, under such circumstances, conveyed to canvass the vivid impress of the ancient nobles of the forest and the prairie.

In eight years Mr. Catlin visited 48 tribes, including 300,000 Indians; has painted 310 portraits from life, and all the scenic accounts we have noticed. For the sake of the pictures, of the exhibition itself, which is intensely

interesting, and yet more for the important lesson it teaches, we earnestly recommend the Indian Gallery to the attention of the reader.

EAST INDIA CHRONICLE.

North American Indians.—Of late years, Cooper's American novels, and various works of travels; and, more recently, the Hon. Mr. Murray's and Captain Marryat's attractive volumes, have deeply interested us respecting the Red Indians of North America, their derivation, manners, customs, &c. Mr. Catlin, however, who has devoted eight years of his life to these mis-called savage people, who are now rapidly fading away from the face of the earth, sad victims of oppression, European vice and European disease, is enlightening us still farther upon the subject. He has opened an exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in which are assembled (all of his own painting!) about five hundred portraits of Indian chiefs, warriors, squaws, &c.; landscapes and other scenes, illustrating their warlike and religious ceremonies, their customs, dances, buffalo hunts, &c. The portraits, many of them valuable even as works of art, excite a strong and vivid interest from the almost exhaustless variety and force of character which they display. Many of the heads are bold and highly intellectual, and remarkable for their phrenological developments. Several of the young squaws, too, have considerable pretensions to beauty, with abundance of archness, vivacity, and good humour. Then again, there is an immense collection of their weapons, pipes, musical instruments, dresses, &c.; amongst them a child's cradle, or whatever it may be termed, in which the women carry their children at their backs. It is impossible for persons of any age to find themselves otherwise than instructed and gratified by this exhibition. Besides what we have mentioned, Mr. Catlin lectures thrice a week in the evening, with the assistance of living figures for additional illustrations.

LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery.—In visiting it, indeed, the town-bred admirer of the freedom and grandeur of "savage life" might find somewhat, at first sight, to feed his sentimental fancies. Round the room, on the walls are portraits of Indians, remarkable specimens of the true animal man; arrayed in their holiday dresses, tricked out in all the variety of savage fancy, and many of them as evidently and consciously "sitting for their portraits," as the most pedantic and affected superficialist of civilization. With these we have many glimpses of the scenery and state of existence connected with "life in the wilds." The far-stretching prairie; the noble river and its "reaches," and "bluffs," and water-floods; the shaggy bison, whose tremendous aspect makes him fearful, even in the stillness of a picture; the more terrible grisly bear; the Indian "at home," and the Indian "abroad," with stirring hunting scenes, enough to rouse one's blood, and to make an unfledged adventurer long to dash away, and try one's skill and courage in an encounter with horned monsters, or even that "ugly creature" before whom the "strongest bull goes down."

UNITED STATES PRESS.

THE PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We cannot notice this collection too often. It is one of those productions which illustrate, in an eminent degree, the observation of Playfair, that when the proper time has arrived for some great work to be performed, some individual is raised up by Providence, whose position and character and capacity precisely fit him for accomplishing the design. For reasons that will be appreciated by the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the theologian, as well as considerations that address themselves to the curiosity of the man of general knowledge, it was particularly desirable that a full and authentic record should be given to the world of the national characteristics of a race whose history is so peculiar, whose condition is so curious, and whose speedy extinguishment is so certain, as those of the North American Indians. Accordingly, when it is plain that the moment has arrived beyond which the portraiture of their state cannot any longer be delayed, if it would be known that they are in that native predicament which has been in no wise modified by European intercourse, a man appears whose birth in a spot of which the traditions are so strongly interfused with the memory of the Indian (the Wyoming Valley), has caused his imagination to be deeply impressed, even from his earliest youth by the character and actions of this people, who is endowed by nature with the hand and eye of a painter, and who passes through a professional education which advances his talent to the skill of an accomplished artist, and who has inherited a fortitude of spirit, an elevation of purpose, and a vigour of limb, which render him competent to encounter the dangers, the discouragements, and the difficulties which of necessity lie along the path to the object in question. The man is willing to devote the best years of his life to the task of working out a great picture of those tribes of savages which are separated by 2000 miles from the farthest settlement of his nation.

One of the most remarkable tribes which has yet been found on this continent, was that of the Mandans. They were more advanced in the knowledge of domestic comforts, and were distinguished for more intelligence and a higher sense of honour than any of their brethren. They possessed certain very extraordinary and interesting annual religious celebrations, which were in part a commemoration of the deluge, and contained, amongst other things, an allusion to the twig which the dove brought back from the earth to Noah. Mr. Catlin was the first white man who was ever admitted to inspect these ceremonies in the sacred hall in which they were performed for four days. He made several large and very copious paintings of the scenes which were presented to him; and he sketched almost all that was striking in the character of this tribe. The next year the whole of this nation was swept away by

the smallpox. Not an individual man, woman, or child survives; and the world possesses no other knowledge of this people or their traditions than is contained in these pictures in the gallery of Catlin. Fortunately, they present us with as full and satisfactory a representation as could be desired.

We believe that all who have visited this collection have formed but one opinion as to its interest and excellence. We would remind our readers that this gallery will remain open for their inspection but a short time longer, before its final removal to England.

Mr. Catlin's Gallery of Indian Paintings.—We congratulate our citizens on the opportunity they have now presented to them, of witnessing the results of Mr. Catlin's labours and travels among the tribes of Aborigines, inhabiting the Rocky Mountains and the Prairies of "the far West." Mr. Catlin spent many years among these tribes, at the imminent risk of his life, and at an incalculable cost of comfort, solely with the view of taking likenesses and sketches from life and nature, and of representing these "children of the forest" in their own peculiar costumes, and as he found them in their own native wilds.

Of the accuracy of his likenesses, we have the most undoubted testimony; and of the sketches of scenery, dances, hunting parties, &c., we may venture to say they are graphic, bold, and free. We know of nothing from which one who has never seen the Indian in his untamed character, can derive so accurate a knowledge of these fast-disappearing natives of the soil, as from this gallery.

We would throw in a word in favour of the young—let them by all means see this gallery.

THE PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY MESSENGER.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—Mr. Catlin's gallery of Indian pictures and curiosities has recently been opened at the Arcade for the inspection of the citizens of Philadelphia. In common with other lovers of amusement, we have visited this collection, and have found that it fully justifies whatever has been said by those who visited it in Boston and New York, and described it as the most surprising, entertaining, and instructive exhibition which the efforts of American genius have ever brought before the country. . . .

In this stage of human knowledge Catlin resolved to devote the labours of his life to exploring the condition, customs, character, and conduct of this people, and to bring home a record of their being which should be to the world a possession for ever. He has fulfilled this purpose. He has lifted the veil on which was written "ignorance," and he has shown to his countrymen the peculiarities of a life which is competent to instruct philosophy with conclusions that it has never dreamt of, and entertain curiosity beyond the compass of the wildest fables.

THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING POST.

THE subjects of Mr. Catlin's pencil, his histories and delineations, are of a noble race. The Camanchees, the Mandans, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, Sioux, Crows, Assiniboins, Omahaws, &c., &c., who have not yet sunk beneath the withering associations of white people, who on their native prairies stalk with noble pride and independence, who manufacture their own dresses from the skins of the mountain sheep and buffalo, and use their spears, bows and arrows in preference to firearms, and with courtly pride and hospitality welcomed the artist, and honoured him for his talents of delineation as a nobleman of nature, infinitely superior to the mercenary race of traders and Indian agents, who plunder and cheat them when opportunity offers.

The Indian is truly fortunate in having so faithful and industrious a champion, historian, and painter, as Mr. Catlin, who will no doubt rescue their name from the mass of trading libellers that have so long corrupted and then slandered them. With a remarkable assiduity and perseverance he has devoted many years of his life, and much pecuniary means in preparing a magnificent collection of their dresses, instruments, ornaments, portraits, &c. For ourselves, we anticipate one of the most original and curious works that has been issued from the press for many years, for Mr. Catlin has struck out a new path to fame and fortune, and while he leaves a memorial of the true Indian uncorrupted native character, he makes a lasting name for himself.

THE NEW YORK EVENING STAR.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We would remind those who have not yet visited this extraordinary collection, that it will be closed after the lapse of a single week, and that it will never again be exhibited in America. There will never be presented to our citizens an opportunity of inspecting one of the most remarkable and entertaining works that the genius and labour of an individual has created in this age and country; and those who neglect this occasion of examining this most curious monument of talent and enterprise, will have missed for ever one of the noblest spectacles at which patriotism can refresh its pride, reason can inform its curiosity. Mr. Catlin has received permission from the English Chancellor of the Exchequer to import his Museum into England free from duty, a saving to him of about two thousand dollars. He will sail for that country in the course of the summer, and the indifference of America will have surrendered to her rival what the labour of an American had created for herself.

In our opinion, nothing could redound more to the patriotism, national pride, and honour of our country, than the purchase, by congress, of this rare collection of Aboriginal Curiosities, to enrich a National Museum at Washington. Such an object is by no means unworthy the attention of the nation, and as in the lapse of a few more years all traces of this interesting people will have passed away, or but a small remnant of them remain in their wilderness asylum almost beyond the ken of civilized man, such a depository of the relics peculiar to this wonderful people would possess an interest which would

be immeasurably enhanced when their existence as a nation was for ever blotted out, as from present indications it inevitably must be. Located at the capital, members of congress and public spirited citizens of the far West, could, from time to time, contribute to the common stock, until, in the course of a few years, a national museum of Indian curiosities would be formed to perpetuate their manners, customs, and costumes, that would be a monument to the taste and public spirit of the nation to the latest generation. The facilities possessed by the government for the successful prosecution of so noble a design commends it forcibly to the consideration of congress. And, as it is not yet too late, we trust, to secure the cooperation of Mr. Catlin in furtherance of an object so congenial with his views, and which would, at the same time, ensure him a just reward for his enthusiastic devotion to this noble enterprise without being compelled to seek it in a foreign land, we would fain hope that his stay among us would be prolonged until measures were taken to call the attention of congress to the subject. Should this suggestion be favorably received, and it be found that the engagements of Mr. Catlin do not preclude its being carried out, we trust the project will enlist warmly the interest of our public spirited and patriotic citizens at an early day.

We have already spoken once or twice at some length of the value and interest of this exhibition. It addresses itself to the feelings of the rudest observer, and engages the imagination of the idlest visitor, by revealing, with amazing copiousness, the whole interior life and customs of a people singular and striking beyond the speculations of romance, and so separated by position, by distrust, and enmity, that no one has ever before seen what this man has sketched. To the philosopher, the philanthropist, the moralist, and the man of science, it presents matter equally attractive and important, in those higher regards with which they are conversant, with that which amuses the fancy of the rude. By all, it will be found a storehouse of wonders, which will surprise the mind in present observation, and gratify the thoughts in all future recollection.

THE AMERICAN SENTINEL.

Catlin's Gallery.—Mr. Catlin's extraordinary exhibition of Indian curiosities and paintings will be closed, as we learn from his advertisement, in the course of a few days. This is the last exhibition that will be made of this wonderful collection in the United States, as it will be taken to England at once and there be disposed of. We trust that every one who has a spark of rational curiosity or national pride will visit a work which, above every other that we are acquainted with, is fitted to gratify both.

We do not think that, all the circumstances being taken together, there has been produced in this age, any work more wonderful or more valuable. The hardy enterprise of the forest-born adventurer must unite with the tact and skill a very accomplished diplomatist to carry a man through the scenes which Catlin has visited; and the observation of a philosophical genius must be joined to the ready skill of a thoroughly furnished artist, to bring back from those scenes of savage life such illustrations as Catlin

now presents. This age will send forth no such man; and should such appear at any future period, he will be too late for the performance of this task.

This museum possesses in itself more to amaze and delight than any work to which we can point. The very spirit of savage existence is unsphered before us as we contemplate these graphic sketches. We feel the freedom and enthusiasm which mark the life of the hunter and the warrior of the west, fascinating above all the attractions of civilized being. We are pleased, astonished, charmed, by the variety and strangeness of the spectacles brought before us.

No parent should suffer himself to feel that he has done justice to his children until he has taken them to view this gallery, which will never again be open to their inspection. No citizen should suffer it to leave the country until he has fully possessed himself of all that it reveals respecting the aborigines of his country.

THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

Mr. Catlin's Views of the Far West.—There can be no mistake or exaggeration in pronouncing the exhibition of these views of the scenery and natural history of the western country the most important and interesting object for public attention which has ever been offered to the eastern division of the United States.

It has been with a fascinating degree of feeling and adventure that Mr. Catlin has gone over the immense plains of the west, and employed himself with pallet and pencil among all the scenes he could select of landscape and natural history, and with the western natives, and to sketch people, views, and objects which have formed so much of its distinctive character, by which he may rescue and retain the almost incredible appearances and habits of a race of men and animals now fast disappearing in the march of civilization, upon the remembrance and record of history.

The collection of Portraits, made of upwards of 300 persons, forms a representation from forty-eight Indian nations, chiefly between the settled part of our country and the Rocky Mountains, among which are the Sacs, Osage, Pawnee, Camanchee, Sioux, Mandans, Blackfeet, Shawnee, Cher-o-kee, Seneca, and Seminoles; and of these, the portraits of Osceola, Micanopeah, Keokuck, Black Hawk, Io-way, Red Jacket, Co-ee-ha-jo, King Philip, John Ross, with several of their wives and children, will always be prominent in the references of American history.

In addition to these important objects of personal consideration, the peculiar and correct representations and appearances of the general western country are prominent, and are all of a highly novel and beautiful character.

The views of rivers, towns, settlements, mountains, prairies, and waterfalls and animals are generally those which have never been before presented to us. They have been taken in upwards of 200 oil paintings coloured to nature, and consist of the most important localities reaching to the Rocky Mountains, finished on the spot with a fidelity of delineation and picturesque effect which would be creditable to an artist of very high attainments with all the "appliances and means" afforded by the best accommodation and leisure.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—In a late number we took notice of the vast and wonderful assemblage of pictures and curiosities by which Mr. Catlin has continued to bring before our eyes the fulness of the life of the Western Indians. We would again urge upon our citizens, as Americans, and as valuing curious information and refined pleasure, to give this gallery a visit. There is not in our land, nor in any part of Europe which we have visited, anything of the kind more extraordinary or more interesting. The galleries illustrative of national character and antiquities, which are to be found in London, Paris, Florence, and other cities, have been collected by the power of great kings; and the outlay of immense treasure, and the apparatus of negotiations, and special ministers, and resident consuls, and agents innumerable, have been requisite to their completion. This is the work of a single individual, a man without fortune and without patronage, who created it with his own mind and hand, without aid and even against countenance; and who sustained the lonely toils of eight years, in a region fearful and forbidding, beyond the conceptions of civilized life, in order to present his countrymen with a work which he knew they would one day value as the most remarkable thing they owned, and which he was assured that no spirit and no skill but his own could accomplish. He may point to his magnificent collection, which now receives the admiration of every eye, and may say with honest pride "Alone I did it!" But without the abatement of a reference to the circumstances of the case, and without any qualification of any sort, we declare that if this museum is less gorgeous and less stately than those imperial galleries which give fame even to the capitals of England and France, it is not less instructive or entertaining than the greatest of them. Of the enterprise, the free genius, the noble self-dependence, the stern endurance, and indomitable perseverance which our republican system glories in inspiring and cherishing, there is no nobler, and there will be no more abiding monument, than Catlin's Indian Gallery.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We have visited it repeatedly, and have studied its contents, with close attention, as the best exposition of savage character and life that has ever been given to the world; and the result of our impressions is, that whether we regard the historical and philosophic value of this museum, its strangeness and interest as matter of entertainment, or the wonderful toil and difficulty that must have attended its formation, there is not in our country a work more honorable to its author, or more deserving of the esteem and admiration of the community. The hardships of Indian existence are brought before us with a bold effect; the few refinements by which it is comforted are impressively presented: the labours by which it is sustained are shown; and the romance which makes it charming, is brilliantly and copiously exhibited. The gallery is a complete and fascinating panorama of savage life; and all who have the smallest interest in the wild and stirring existence of the Indian hunter should hasten

to contemplate this splendid picture. No man has tasted these scenes of daring and peril with half the sympathy and understanding of Mr. Catlin; and neither in the delicate touches of Irving, nor the more vigorous drawings of Hoffman, is there anything like the intelligence and interest of these animated sketches. Whoever would know to what sounds of glee and exultation the northern forests, even at this hour, are echoing, or with what spectacles of merriment or toil, the flatness of the prairie is enlivened, must view and ponder over this collection.

Mr. Catlin intends to remove this museum to England very soon, and from that country it will probably never return. This, therefore, is the last opportunity which Americans will have of ever inspecting this most curious assemblage. We exhort every one who is a lover either of rare entertainment or strange knowledge to lose no time in visiting this gallery.

THE AMERICAN DAILY ADVERTISER.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—The collection embraces a wonderful extent and variety of national history, likewise an exact and discriminating range throughout the different tribes. They are all classed with the method and arrangement of a philosopher, developed and associated with the vivacity of a dramatist, and personated, defined, and coloured with the eye and hand of a painter. Rarely, indeed, would one man be found who could do all this—still more rarely a man, who to these various offices and talents would add the courage, the patience, and the taste to become an eye-witness of his subjects, and above all, would possess the industry and the veracity to represent them to others, and thus to command credibility and admiration.

I hope my fellow-citizens will give this exhibition their repeated attention. They will find in it much more than has ever been combined before. It will greatly abridge their labours in reading, nay, it will tell them what books do not teach; and it will impress upon their senses and upon their memories the living portraits of a race, distinguished by inextinguishable ardour, unbounded ingenuity, and indomitable determination—a race now fast eluding the projects of the politician, the researches of the curious, and soon to cease from demanding even the sympathies of the humane and conscientious.

We learn that Mr. Catlin is soon to embark for England, where encouragement is offered to his remarkable talents and energy, and we sincerely wish him the rewards due to native genius, exemplary diligence, and moral integrity and refinement.

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

Catlin's Gallery.—We called the attention of our readers some days ago to Catlin's Indian Gallery, now exhibiting in this city. This collection is in every respect so remarkable and interesting, that we again bring it before the notice of the community.

Mr. Catlin visited nearly fifty different tribes of Indians, and resided familiarly among them for several years. He

made their habits and character his exclusive study. With the eye of a poet, the judgment of a man of rare sagacity, and the hand of an accomplished artist, he saw and scrutinized, and sketched the forms, the feats, the entire style of life of the varied nations with whom he had made his home. The general features of this strange and most interesting people are presented to us in his collection, with a copiousness and variety, which could only be attained by one who had devoted the enthusiasm of years to a task, to which he had, in the first instance, brought extraordinary talents. Whatever met his watchful glance, that was striking or peculiar, in the religious ceremonies, the warlike demonstrations, the festive celebrations of peace and leisure, the separate acts and social habits of the wanderers of the distant wilds of the west, was instantly transferred to his canvass, and fixed in living colours on the very spot where the scene was shown. Accordingly we have here illustrations of the mode in which almost every thing, which is common or curious, usual or occasional, among the tribes is performed. The chase, which there has no meaner object than the "stately buffalo," is before us in full and numerous portraiture; the rousing of the herd in the centre of some endless prairie, the reckless vehemence of the pursuit by the wild horse and the wilder hunter, the mad dashing of the fearless sportsman into the midst of the monstrous throng, with nothing but bow and knife; the unhorsing of some, who roll trampled under foot, and of others who are tossed high into the air; the final capture and death of the huge victim of the sport, all these are presented to us in the freshness and freedom of the very scenes themselves of this magnificent excitement. Then there are dances of an art and an intricacy that might instruct Almack's itself; the bear dance, in which, clothed in skins, they imitate the postures and movements of that animal; the buffalo dance, in which they are masked in the skulls which they have taken in the hunt; the eagle dance, which mimics the attitude of that bird; the dance on the snow in peculiar shoes; and the numerous dances of war. Then we have bold and admirable sketches of the scenery of the prairies and the hills, 2000 miles above St. Louis, presenting a richness and brilliance of verdure of which the Atlantic resident has never formed a conception. In short, it would be difficult to point out a single particular in which the sketches of this ardent and able painter do not furnish the fullest and most valuable information about the western continent and its inhabitants. There are portraits, likewise, of all the remarkable persons whom the artist encountered in his rambles, painted on the spot, in their actual dresses and natural positions, certified as rigidly accurate, in every instance, by officers of the United States, who were present at the time.

But sketches are not all that this unique collection consists of. There is a large number of the dresses of the chiefs and women, rich and curious to a very great degree, implements of war and of social life—articles by which friendship is promoted and leisure is amused.

PHILADELPHIA HERALD AND SENTINEL.

Catlin's Indian Gallery is one of the most curious and interesting collections ever brought before the public. The

portraits of the chiefs and warriors constitute perhaps the least striking portion of the gallery; although the natural freedom and boldness of the attitudes, and the life-like variety and expression of the countenances, caught with a rare felicity by the accomplished artist, render them immeasurably superior in attraction and value to anything of that kind ever before presented to the community. They were all sketched on the spots of their residence, and in the characteristic attire of their tribes; and the certificates of different United States officers, attached to the back of each picture, testify to the accuracy and completeness of each individual portraiture. The largest and by far the most engaging and peculiar part of the collection, consists of sketches of groups occupied in the various games, sports, and diversions, by which the monotony of savage life is amused.

Mr. Catlin visited forty-eight different tribes, and was domesticated amongst them for seven years; and whenever any spectacle of merriment, or business, or religion was got up, the painter drew apart from the company, and producing the canvass which was always in readiness, seized with an Hogarthian quickness and spirit, the outlines and the impression of the scene before him, and has perpetuated for the gratification of posterity, the faithful and vivid likenesses of some of the most extraordinary acts and incidents which the history of man can exhibit. Sketched with a distinctness and a particularity which indicate an uncommon degree of talent and skill on the part of the artist, we find among these paintings almost every thing that is characteristic in the life and conduct of the Indian: the energetic dance, marked by a science and a significance, unknown to the amusements of more cultivated nations—the hunt of the buffalo, with its impressive incidents of danger and daring—the religious rite—the military council—the game—the fight—the voluntary torture by which the “stoic of the woods” displays his hardihood of nerve and spirit—and the grotesque gaiety which marks the occasional mirthfulness of a nature usually so much restrained. All these are brought before us with a fidelity of delineation attested by the certificates of the most competent and reputable witnesses, and animation and interest, acknowledged by all who have approached them.

This collection is not only unique, as it concerns the particular people whose state and character it illustrates; but, as throwing light upon a grade and condition of the human race of which little has ever been known, it possesses an importance, novel and unparticipated; for it has never happened, in the history of the world, that a savage people has been approached and depicted with this intelligent completeness. He who would learn what are the dispositions and the faculties which belong to the mind and heart of man, in the mere rudeness of his natural state, will find more satisfactory sources of information in this Indian gallery than in the fullest descriptions of travellers or the astutest schemes of metaphysicians.

THE PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—It is a remarkable circumstance, and one very characteristic of the energy of this age, that the same year and almost the same month should have witnessed the completion of three independent col-

lections, each of which, after its way, gives us a complete portraiture of the nation to which it refers. What Mr. Dunn's figures have accomplished for China, and Mr. Wilkinson's drawings have done for Egypt, Mr. Catlin's paintings have performed for the Indian tribes. The first of these has excited the admiration of America, the second has won the applause of Europe; if the last is less brilliant than the one, it is more lively than the other, and is not less complete than either. It is not merely a minute and thorough description of a nation whose situation and history render everything that relates to it in the highest degree curious and personal to Americans, but it addresses itself to the admiration and instruction of every philosophic mind as an encyclopædia picture of the savage state. While no histories present us with such copious information of the characteristics of those particular tribes which are intimately and eternally connected with our annals, no speculative treatises contain anything like the knowledge here garnered of the qualities and attributes of that condition which is called the state of nature. The eye of childhood and the mind of age are alike astonished and informed by the spectacles here strikingly presented by this unrivalled work.

Mr. Catlin is a native of Pennsylvania, and has therefore peculiar claims upon the attention of Philadelphians. We know and are persuaded that when this museum, after the very few days allotted to its continuance here, is closed and removed for ever from our land, it will be a matter of deep and permanent regret to all who now fail to visit it, that they have lost the sight.

THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING STAR.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—This interesting museum of curiosities, collected by Mr. Catlin, during a residence of more than seven years among forty tribes of Indians, and of sketches painted by him, illustrative of their habits and customs, is now exhibited at the Arcade in this city. It is an eloquent and illustrious witness of the genius, disinterestedness, and toil of the person who brought it together. Those productions of Mr. Catlin's pencil, which were given to the world many years since, evinced his ability to rank, at some day, with the first artists of this country; but instead of devoting himself to those lucrative branches of his profession, which would have gained him a sure return of wealth, he resolved, at the bidding of an enthusiasm perhaps inspired by the legends of his native valley of Wyoming, to dedicate his life to the great and generous purpose of presenting to his countrymen a satisfactory portraiture of a nation which had so interesting a connexion with their own history, and whose condition had always produced so strong an impression upon the imagination of Americans. Alone and unsupported, save by a dauntless spirit, he turned towards the western forests to seek the Indian in his boundless home.

“The general garden, where all steps may roam,
Whose nature owns a nation for her child,
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild.”

The perils of more than an Ulyssean voyage were encountered before the artist could feel that his object was accomplished, and before he would permit himself to return to his family and friends.

We have devoted much time and a close attention to the sketches which Mr. Catlin has brought back; and we are convinced that severe as were the labours and privations to which he was subject, they were less than the value of this collection. Whoever will study the numerous and varied representations here given of savage life, and will reflect how complete a picture is presented of a most peculiar and unknown race, will be persuaded, we think, that no greater accession has been made to the sum of human knowledge and human entertainment, in this age and country, than is produced by this museum. The philosophy of Indian character is revealed with curious distinctness by one portion of the paintings, while another class presents the picturesque of that existence with singular spirit. Many striking suggestions for the history of civility, and many valuable metaphysical considerations, are prompted by a survey of these illustrations of the intelligence and the instincts of this people; and any man who would taste the poetry of this wild life, will find enough to satisfy him in the animated exhibitions of the hunt, the march, and the fight, which are here brought before his eyes. In Mr. Irving's very graphic descriptions of the amusements of the prairie, there is nothing half so bold and stirring as the noble pictures which here bring the adventures of the buffalo hunt before us, or the terrors of the fight with the grizzly bear.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We alluded briefly a few days since to Catlin's Indian Gallery, now open in the Saloon at the Arcade, and we again call attention to it as one of the most gratifying exhibitions of the day, to all who feel the slightest interest in the aborigines of our country, or desire to become acquainted with the topographical features of the great western wild. This collection is the result of years of toil and privation, sustained by a rare and commendable enthusiasm. Mr. Catlin, who is an artist of much ability, and is likewise in other respects well fitted for the task which he voluntarily assumed, devoted himself to a study of the Indian character, and steadily followed out his great object for a considerable length of time. He has visited many of the tribes who yet roam in their native wildness, and he became, as it were, domesticated among them to study their habits and dispositions, encountering all the perils and privations which necessarily attend an enterprise of this nature. In the course of his rambles, he made paintings of everything calculated to give a vivid impression to others of the persons, events, and scenes which fell under his notice, and the result is a magnificent collection of portraits and views of the most interesting character, made still more attractive by an immense variety of Indian dresses, arms, and utensils of many kinds, which, with the illustrative scenes, give a clear idea of aboriginal characteristics, and form a pleasing evidence of the results which can be achieved by the untiring perseverance of a single man. Mr. Catlin has in this way made a contribution to American history which must gain for him an enduring fame. It should form the nucleus of a national museum, that posterity may have some relics of a people doomed to speedy destruction, as

much by their own inflexible nature as by the rolling tide of civilization.

THE PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We could scarcely recommend a more pleasing and instructive collection than this to the notice of the community. It is what only a Catlin, with his enthusiasm and perseverance, could have accomplished. To him the study of nature is most appropriate in her great hall or cathedral:

That vast cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves; its organ thunder;
Its dome the sky.

The boundless woods have been his home, and dwellers of the wilderness the sitters for his art. So far as Indian life is concerned, the reader will find a little of everything in Catlin's gallery; not of faces merely, but of grand western life and scene.

THE WORLD.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—I visited this collection with expectations very highly excited by the strong and renewed expressions of admiration which it had received from the press in New York and Boston; but my anticipations had fallen below the reality in degree as much as they had differed from it in kind. I had supposed that it was merely an assemblage of the portraits of distinguished Indian chieftains, instead of being, as we find that it is, a very complete and curious tableau of the life and habits of the strange and interesting races which once inhabited the soil we now possess. Mr. Catlin's advertisement does no justice to the character of his collection. He does not state himself. He is a person of lofty genius and disinterested ambition, and he has abhorred to tarnish the purity of his self-respect by even claiming his own.

Mr. Catlin spent seven years and a half in the most intimate intercourse with the tribes which occupy the territory lying 3000 miles above St. Louis. His only purpose in visiting these remote and secluded nations was to transfer, to his canvass, faithful representations of those scenes of conduct which was most characteristic of that people, and those personal traits which would best transmit the memory of the savage to times which would no longer witness his existence. This design he fulfilled by copying on the spot pictures of the sports, fights, business, and religious ceremonies which passed before his sight; and the gallery, which he now opens to the community, revives before the gaze of refinement, the whole condition and qualities of the wild and far-roaming occupants of the prairies and forests. An attentive examination of his museum has led us to the opinion that this is one of the most striking triumphs that the pencil has ever achieved; for while the brush of Lawrence preserves the likeness of an individual, that of Catlin has perpetuated the portraits of a nation. Let every American visit this exhibition; let every one who would be informed or entertained give it his protracted study. The more it is examined the more it will gratify.

CATLIN'S LETTERS AND NOTES

ON

THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CONDITION

OF THE

North-American Indians.

in two Royal octavo vols., with more than 300 steel-plate Illustrations, embracing the principal part of the portraits and other paintings enumerated in the foregoing Catalogue.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

"Catlin's Book on the North American Indians.

"An unique work! A work of extraordinary interest and value. Mr. Catlin is the Historian of the Red Races of Mankind; of a past world, or at least of a world fast passing away, and leaving hardly a trace or wreck behind. We need not recommend it to the world, for it recommends itself, beyond our praise."

Literary Gazette, *London. 3 Notices, 25 Columns.*

"The public have fully confirmed the opinion we formerly pronounced on Catlin's Indian gallery, as the most interesting Exhibition which, in our recollection, had been

opened in London. The production of the work will, therefore, be most acceptable to those who have seen the Exhibition, as serving to refresh their memories; to those who have not, as helping to explain that of which they have heard so much; to all as a pleasant Narrative of Adventure, and a circumstantial and detailed history of the manners and customs of an interesting people, whose fate is sealed, whose days are numbered, whose extinction is certain. The Americans should make much of Mr. Catlin for the sake of by-gone days, which his books, portraits, and collections will present to their grandchildren."

Athenæum, *London. Four Notices, 31 Columns.*

"This publication may be regarded as the most valuable accession to the history of the fast perishing races of the aboriginal world that has ever been collected by a single individual. The descriptions it contains are minute and full, and possess the advantage of being wonderfully tested by the long experience of the writer, and verified by the concurrent testimonials of many individuals, intimately acquainted with the scenes and races delineated. The Engravings, which are liberal to an unprecedented extent, cannot be too highly praised for their utility as illustrations. To the readers who have never had an opportunity of visiting Mr. Catlin's Gallery, these engravings will form for them quite a Museum of Indian Curiosities in themselves; while to those already familiar with the actual specimens, they will serve as useful and agreeable souvenirs. But we chiefly approve and recommend this work to universal circulation for the sake of the pure and noble philanthropy by which it is everywhere inspired. As the advocate of the oppressed Indian, now vanishing before the white man on the soil of his fathers, Mr. Catlin deserves the unmixed thanks of the Christian world. His volumes are full of stimulants to benevolent exertion, and bear the strongest testimony to the character of the races for whose preservation he pleads."

Atlas, London. Three Notices, Twelve Columns.

"Mr. CATLIN is one of the most remarkable men of the age. Every one who has visited his singularly interesting Gallery at the Egyptian Hall, must have been struck by his remarkable intelligence on every subject connected with the North American Indians; but of its extent, as well as of his extraordinary enthusiasm and thirst for adventure, we had formed no idea until we had perused these volumes. In the present *blazé* condition of English literature, in which hardly any work is published that is not founded, more or less, on other volumes which have preceded it, until authorship has dwindled to little more than the art of emptying one vessel into another, it is refreshing to come across a book, which, like the one before us, is equally novel in subject, manner, and execution, and which may be pronounced, without hyperbole, one of the most original productions which have issued from the press for many years. It is wholly impossible, in the compass of a newspaper notice, either to analyze, or afford even a tolerable idea of the contents of such a book; and for the present, at least, we must limit ourselves altogether to the first volume."

United Service Gazette, London.

"We have rarely examined a work, at once so interesting and so useful as this; the publication of which is, in truth, a benefit conferred upon the world; for it is a record of things rapidly passing away, and the accurate traces of which are likely to be lost within a brief time after they have been discovered. As a contribution to the history of mankind, these volumes will be of rare value long after the last of the persecuted races are with 'the Great Spirit,' and they may even have some *present* effect; for they cannot fail to enlist the best sympathies of humanity on the side of a most singular people. The book is exceedingly simple in its style; it is the production of a man of benevolent mind, kindly affections, and sensitive heart, as well

as of keen perceptions and sound judgment. If we attempted to do justice to its merits, we should fill a *number* of our work, instead of a *column* of it; we must content ourselves with recommending its perusal to all who covet knowledge or desire amusement;—no library in the kingdom should be without a copy." **Art Union, London.**

"In the two ample volumes just published, and illustrated with near four hundred plates, Mr. Catlin has given to the world a lasting and invaluable memorial of the doomed race of the Red Man, which, after having from immemorial time, held the unmolested tenancy of an entire continent, is now but too obviously hurried on to utter extinction. Mr. Catlin's literary matter resembles his drawings; it has all the freshness of the sketch from nature. Through both he brings us into companionship with the red man, as if careering with him over the boundless plains, the primeval forests of his hunting grounds in the far west, or in the vicinity of his temporary village settlements, witnessing his athletic games, his strange, fantastic dances, and his spontaneous endurance of those revolting tortures by which he evinces his unflinching stoicism."

Morning Herald, London.

"Upwards of three hundred very well executed etchings from the paintings, drawn by Mr. Catlin, adorn these volumes, and offer to the eye one of the most complete museums of an almost unknown people that ever was given to the public. The style of the narrative is diffuse, inartificial, and abounding in Yankeeisms; but it is earnest, honest, and unpretending; and contains most undoubted and varied information relative to the red savage of America, fresh from the wilds, and unembittered by border hostility or unfounded prejudice. These volumes are handsomely printed, and 'brought out,' in all respects, with much care and taste."

Morning Post, London.

"As a work intended merely for general amusement, and independently of the higher object to which it is devoted, Mr. Catlin's book will be found exceedingly interesting. The salient or rugged points of its style have not been smoothed down by any literary journeyman. Mr. Catlin ventures alone, and unaided, before the public. What he has seen in the prairie, and noted down in its solitude, he sends forth, with all the wildness and freshness of nature about it. This, together with his free and easy conversational style, plentifully sprinkled with Americanisms, gives a peculiar charm to his descriptions, which are not merely animated or life-like, but *life* itself. The reader is made to believe himself in the desert, or lying among friendly Indians in the wigwam, or hurried along in the excitement of the chase. He is constantly surrounded by the figures of the red man, and hears the rustle of their feathers, or the dash of their half-tamed steeds as they bound by him.

The work is ornamented with hundreds of engravings, taken from original pictures drawn by Mr. Catlin, of the persons, manners, customs, and scenes, that he met with in his wanderings. They give an additional value to those volumes which are published, as the title-page informs us,

by Mr. Catlin himself, at the Egyptian Hall. We wish him all the success to which his candour, no less than his talents, fully entitle him."

Morning Chronicle, London.

"A person might well be startled and frightened at the appearance of two such large volumes as these on only the manners, customs, and condition of the North American Indians, a race of savages now almost extinct. With all this complaint against the immense bulk of a book, moreover, on such a subject, we are bound to confess that not only is it the least wearisome of large books that we have for a long time seen, but that it is at least one of the most amusing and animating amongst even the condensed publications, that for a considerable period have been submitted to our perusal and judgment, and we can confidently recommend it to our readers."

Weekly Dispatch, London.

"THE reflection is almost insupportable to a humane mind, that the indigenous races of America, comprising numerous distinct nations, the original proprietors of that vast continent, are probably doomed to entire extermination—a fate which has already befallen a large portion of the red tribes. It is still more painful to think that this should be the effect of the spread of the civilized races, who thus become the agents of a wholesale destruction of their fellow-men. If these melancholy truths were capable of aggravation, it may be found in the dreadful fact that the process of destruction is not left to the slow operation of invisible and insensible causes, but is hastened by expedients devised for that express end by civilized men, the tribes being stimulated or compelled to the destruction of each other, or provided with the means of destroying themselves.

Mr. Catlin, the author of the work which has suggested these observations, has had better opportunities for studying the character of the North American Indians than most travellers since the early French writers.

Mr. Catlin is, an American, a native of Wyoming, and the publisher of his own work, at the Egyptian Hall."

Times, London. One Notice, Three Columns.

"We venture to affirm of Mr. Catlin's book, which can be said of very few others, that it is impossible to open it at any page, and not continue its perusal with unmingled satisfaction. It has too the rare quality of being written by a man who says nothing but that which he knows, who describes nothing but that which he has seen. We feel while reading the book, as in the society of a man of extraordinary observation, of great talent, of wonderful accomplishments, and, most cordially and earnestly do we recommend this invaluable book to the patronage of the public generally, and to the perusal of our readers in particular." **The World of Fashion, London.**

"THE illustrative plates of these volumes are numbering upwards of three hundred subjects—landscapes, hunting scenes, Indian ceremonies, and portraits, form a remarkable feature, and possess a permanent interest as graphic records. They are outline etchings from the author's paintings; and are admirable for the distinct and lively manner

in which the characteristics of the scenes and persons are portrayed: what is called a *style of art* would have been impertinent, and might have tended to falsify. Mr. Catlin, in his homely, but spirited manner, seizes upon the most distinguishing points of his subjects by dint of understanding their value, and every touch has significance and force: hence the number of details, and the extent of view embraced in these small and slight sketches, hence their animation and reality."

Spectator, London. Five Columns.

"OF all the works yet published on the subject of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, no one, it seems to us, can be compared in the point of accuracy, and extent of research with that of Mr. Catlin. In the course of eight years he traversed North America almost from end to end, saw and mixed with forty-eight Indian tribes, composing a large portion of the two millions of red people yet in existence, examined personally into all their peculiarities, and, finally, accumulated a noble gallery of portraits, and a rich museum of curiosities, calculated to form at once a lasting monument to himself and an invaluable record of Indian persons, manners, and habiliments.

Mr. Catlin, combining all the qualities of the traveller, artist, and historian, merits no sparing notice. His two volumes, large octavo, and closely printed, are full of most interesting matter, and contain, besides, not less than four hundred beautiful illustrations, engraved from the original paintings." **Chambers' Edinburgh Journ.**

Two Notices, Four Columns.

"THIS is a remarkable book, written by an extraordinary man. A work valuable in the highest degree for its novel and curious information about one of the most neglected and least understood branches of the human family. Mr. Catlin, without any pretension to talent in authorship, has yet produced a book which will live as a record when the efforts of men of much higher genius have been forgotten. Every one in London has seen Mr. Catlin's unique gallery, and his attractive exhibition of living models at the Egyptian Hall; we cannot too strongly recommend them to our country friends. And here we take our leave of a work over which we have lingered with much pleasure, strongly recommending it to the reader, and hoping its extensive sale will amply repay Mr. Catlin for the great outlay he must have incurred."

Westminster Review, Twelve pages.

"MR. CATLIN's book is one of the most interesting which we have perused on the subject of the Indians. His pencil has preserved the features of races which, in a few years will have disappeared; and his faithful and accurate observations may be considered as the storehouse from whence future writers on such topics will extract their most authentic statements."

Dublin University Magazine, 15 pages.

"THIS is altogether an *unique* work! It may be considered as a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the numerous objects of art and curiosity which Mr. Catlin has collected in the course of his wanderings, and arranged in his Indian Gallery. The narrative of Mr. Catlin's personal adven-

tures during the wandering years in which he was thus engaged, forms a work as unique in literature, as his rare collection of original portraits and curiosities is rare in art.

Many curious traits of character, and pictures of manners are exhibited in these large and closely printed volumes, which will remain an interesting record of the Homeric age and race of North America, when, save a few wild traditions and scattered relics, and a few of the musical and sonorous Indian names of lakes, rivers, and hunting grounds, every other trace of the red man will have perished on that vast continent." **Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.** 2 Notices, 22 pages.

"LIVING with them as one of themselves; having no trading purposes to serve; exciting no enmity by the well-meant but suspicious preaching of a new religion, Mr. Catlin went on with his rifle and his pencil, sketching and noting whatever he saw worthy of record; and wisely abandoning all search for the ancient history of a people who knew no writing, he confined his labours to the depicting exactly what he saw, and that only. Notes and

sketches were transmitted, as occasion served, to New York, and the collected results now appear, partly in a gallery which has been for some time exhibited in London, containing some five hundred pictures of Indian personages and scenes, drawn upon the spot, with specimens of their dress and manufactures, their arts and arms; and partly, as just stated, of the volumes under our hands, which display engravings of most of those specimens and pictures, accompanied by a narrative, written in a very pleasant, homely style, of his walks and wanderings in the 'Far West.'

The reader will find a compensation in the vigour of the narrative, which, like a diary, conveys the vivid impressions of the moment, instead of being chilled and tamed down into a more studied composition. Such as the work is, we strongly recommend it to the perusal of all who wish to make themselves acquainted with a singular race of men, and system of manners, fast disappearing from the face of the earth; and which have nowhere else been so fully, curiously, and graphically described."

Edinburgh Review. 15 pages.

"LEGATION DES ETATS UNIS, PARIS:

Dec. 8, 1841.

"DEAR SIR,

"No man can appreciate better than myself, the admirable fidelity of your Drawings and Book, which I have lately received. They are equally spirited and accurate; they are true to nature. Things that *are*, are not sacrificed, as they too often are by the painter, to things, as in his judgment they should be.

"During eighteen years of my life, I was Superintendant of Indian Affairs in the North-western Territory of the United States; and during more than five, I was Secretary of War, to which department belongs the general control of Indian concerns. I know the Indians thoroughly; I have spent many a month in their camps, council-houses, villages, and hunting grounds; I have fought with them and against them; and I have negotiated seventeen treaties of peace or of cession with them. I mention these circumstances to show you that I have a good right to speak confidently upon the subject of your drawings; among them I recognize many of my old acquaintances, and everywhere I am struck with the vivid representations of them and their customs, of their peculiar features, and of their costumes. Unfortunately they are receding before the advancing tide of our population, and are probably destined, at no distant day, wholly to disappear; but your collection will preserve them, as far as human art can do, and will form the most perfect monument of an extinguished race that the world has ever seen.

LEWIS CASS."

"TO GEO. CATLIN.

This work can always be procured of the author at his Exhibition Rooms, or from the principal Booksellers of London.